

MOOSE JAW TIMES.

VOL. IX.—NO. 51.

MOOSE JAW, N. W. T., FRIDAY, JUNE 24, 1898.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

Making Money

By Spending It!

THERE is such a thing as making money by spending it. Those who watch the many chances we offer and take advantage of them are the gainers. All our advertisements are verbal contracts with the people and are as binding as legal sealed contracts. The touch of small prices and good quality greet you in every thing you buy. That's the sort of greeting that forces its way between the chink of your pocket book and then filters through again into the corner of your heart: the greeting of Dollars saved.

Try our pure American Coal Oil. We handle it only as it is the best and most economical.

The Model Grocery Store.

J. A. McLEAN

Summer Suitings

FOUR THINGS

Characterize our Summer Suitings.....

THE QUALITY
THE WORKMANSHIP
THE FIT AND
THE PRICE.

We have placed in our window a nice selection of English and Canadian tweeds. Your choice for... \$18.00

W. N. Mitchell.

NORTH-WEST

.. LIME ..

has no equal being stronger and superior in every respect to any other lime.

WE HAVE IT NEWLY BURNT

and the great demand for it is the best proof of its merits. Buy from us and save excessive freight rates. Our prices are right.

JAS. M'GILLAND,
Plain and Ornamental
Plasterer.

Lumber, Lime, WOOD

Encourage home industry by buying from us.

SCREEN DOORS AND WINDOW SHADES
WITH PATENT FLY ESCAPE.

Flour	\$ 3.00
Graham Flour	2.00
Wheat Meal	2.00
Corn Meal	2.00
Chop per ton \$22.00 to	25.00
Cracking per cwt.	40
Chopping, 12 and	10

Sacks extra. Please leave cash with order.

E. Simpson & Co.

WAGHORN'S GUIDE ON TRAINS AT BOOKSTORES 5c



We mean the idea ever strikes you that a little good

Elephant Prepared Paint

Indicently distributed around your home would add about a thousand per cent to the "homeliness" of that home? And then, think how hard wife has to strain to keep things clean? A little Elephant Paint would relieve her of that arduous task, and make her home so much brighter and pleasant.

Elephant Paint is cheap, too. It is put up expressly for home use, is easily applied, won't crack, blister or peel off. It gives a hard, glossy surface, dries quick and lasts longer than any other paint now on the market. Elephant Paint is made in Canada, for Canadians, and is especially adapted for exterior and interior use.

Elephant Pure White Lead. Pure Lead, that has stood the test all over the world for forty-four years. It is guaranteed to wear satisfactorily for years, and our long years of experience proves it. * * * ELEPHANT TRIPLE STRENGTH TINT. A one-pound can, mixed with 25 pounds of Elephant White Lead, gives exact desired shade and any tint can be matched quickly, and in its purest form.

Get Color Cards Showing Colors From Your Local Dealer

J. A. Healey & Co.

Manitoba Granite

SUMMERVILLE & CO., of Brandon, Man., the largest and best equipped marble works in the Dominion, are now manufacturing at their own yards, and polishing at their own mills at Brandon the Native Granite of Manitoba. It is a beautiful dark red color, very fine in texture, and takes the highest possible polish.

A WORD TO THOSE WHO WANT A MONUMENT OR MEMORIAL STONE.

Do not order till you have seen samples of this beautiful granite. It is the purest, hardest, and most durable that is on the market. It is equal in finish and is finer in the grain than the best Scotch or New Brunswick granite, and fifty per cent cheaper, as we are saving both duty and freight by using home material; and are paying in wages to employees what formerly went out of the country for stock. We are the only producers of this stone. All orders entrusted to us will receive prompt attention and finished second to none in the Dominion. Our travellers are now showing designs and samples. We also make Corbel Stones of this granite, which are considered by Mr. F. Knight and others of Manitoba's best builders who have tried them, to be equal to the best Scotch stones.

Travellers.—W. C. Stewart, W. Summerville, D. McIntyre.

New Brick Yard

BEST RED BRICK IN THE NORTH-WEST.

The undersigned wishes to announce that he has purchased the Moose Jaw brick yard and is prepared to supply the trade with the genuine article at moderate cost. For particulars call and see us or write.

W. White.

Windsor Hotel, Moose Jaw.

HOME WORK FOR FAMILIES.

We want a number of families to do work for us at home, whole or spare time. The work we send our workers is quickly and easily done, and returned by parcel post as desired. Good money made at home. For particulars ready to convince send name and address. THE STANDARD SUPPLY CO., Dept. B, LONDON, ONT.

OFFICIAL GUIDE WAGHORN'S GUIDE. 5c

Bargain Week

In....

Dress Goods Blouse Silks

We have done remarkably well in above lines this season and in order to clear out the balance we will offer this coming week only some

GREAT SNAPS IN BLOUSE SILKS

45c. and 50c. silks clearing at.....25cts.

A beautiful line of Taffeta checks for65cts.

\$1.15 & \$1.25 silks, fancies and plaids for...90cts.

Extra heavy lines worth \$1.50 selling at...\$1.15.

Don't miss one of these—you'll be sorry when you see the price.

Dress Goods

Twenty-five dress robes worth \$4.00 your choice for.....\$2.90.

All summer dress robes reduced same proportion.

Forty-two in. tweed effect worth 25c., for...17cts.

Forty-two in. all-wool serge worth 40c. to 50c., while it lasts only...25cts.

Thirty-six in. cotton cashmere, cardinal, cream, pink, worth 25c. easy, now going at...15cts.

REMNANTS! REMNANTS! REMNANTS! DRESS GOODS EMBROIDERIES AND LACES

Call and inspect above lines. One week only at these marvellous prices. We are bound to make a clear sweep of what is left and give you the benefits.

Robinson & Hamilton.

AT HYMEN'S ALTAR.

The Nuptials of Mr. Francis Miller, of Medicine Hat, and Miss Mabel L. Beesley, of Marlborough.

This week it is again our privilege to record another of those happy events which always create no little stir in any community. It is the marriage of Mabel L., youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Beesley, to Francis Miller, of the C. P. R. locomotive department, Medicine Hat. The ceremony was performed at the beautiful farm residence of the bride's parents and was the most largely attended wedding that has ever been solemnized in this district. In order to allow all to witness the performing of the holy rite, Rev. Mr. Ferrier tied the nuptial knot on the veranda.

The bride looked very pretty dressed in a handsome rich gown of cream tulle, with cream silk and ribbon trimming with orange blossoms and bridal veil, and carried a beautiful bouquet of hot-house flowers in her hand. She was assisted by her sister, Miss Bertha, who wore a pretty cream cashmere, trimmed with pearl, lace and ribbon and also carried a bouquet. The groom was supported through the trying ordeal by Mr. Arthur Beesley, a brother of the bride. Miss McDonald played the wedding march. The house was beautifully decorated with flags, cut flowers and house plants for the occasion.

Shortly after the ceremony was performed the guests, about 175 in number, sat down to a sumptuous wedding repast. Rev. Mr. Ferrier proposed the health of the happy couple, which was seconded by Mr. Watson. Your humble correspondent was called upon to respond for his thanks—the groom—but, like him, he was not equal to the occasion. Mr. F. B. Baker proposed the health of the bride and groom, which in the absence of Mr. Beesley at the time was replied to by Mr. R. K. Thomson. After all had partaken of the repast the young men indulged in a friendly basketball game. After nightfall the young people—and the old ones too—could no longer resist the temptation. The room was cleared and on went the dance.

The principals are both well and favorably known in the district, as Mr. Miller was for a number of years "firing" out of Moose Jaw, and the bride has resided in the district ever since a child, and as one of the speakers said, "is one of the fairest flowers on our western prairie."

The happy couple left the following morning for their home in Medicine Hat, followed by the best wishes of their many friends and the following lengthy list of presents as a tangible proof of their respect:

Wm. Watson, lady and gent's chair; Jas. Wilson, centre table; J. Sparrow, silver biscuit jar; M. Johnson, chess dish; C. A. Gass, silver butter cooler; Geo. Young, silver butter cooler; E. N. Hopkins, silver butter cooler; R. Jones, water set; W. Winn, silver napkin rings; T. Miller, 1 doz. dinner knives; G. Wellington, salt and pepper cruet; J. Astleford, cup and saucer set; J. and Edith Hagerty, butter knife and sugar spoon; A. M. Fenwick, silver gold-fined card receiver; C. E. Fingland, Tenney son's poems, morocco bound; J. Sanders, pickle cruet; R. K. Thomson, pickle lamp; Johnnie and Alex. Brass, salt and pepper cruet; J. H. Wellington, silver pudding dish; Paul Fraser, silver butter dish; Lillie Wilson, pickle cruet; R. West, five o'clock china tea set; A. Silver, silver breakfast cruet; F. Alcock, vase; Mrs. J. Green, half dozen silver tea spoons; Macpherson brothers, half dozen silver napkin rings; C. A. W. Stunt, fruit dish; H. Ferguson, one dozen silver dessert forks; T. B. Baker, half dozen tea knives; J. G. Beesley, silver cake basket; J. O. Beesley (Maple Creek), silver pie knife and sugar spoon; R. L. Slater, silver pickle cruet; Geo. Moulding, half dozen gold lined napkin rings; Jas. Barry, silver sugar bowl; Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Wilson, pair water pitchers and brass mounted paper rack; Grace Smith, pair napkin rings; Dr. Turnbull, celluloid satin lined lady's companion; A. McPherson, carving set; Murray and Leslie Brass, silver match safe; Mrs. Geo. Wallace (Kaslo), buttonburgh centre piece and easel despatch; J. Baker, table cover; Jno. Brass, canopy and cage; J. D. Fraser, silver cruet stand; A. D. Miller (Regina), silver mounted vase; T. Falconer, half dozen silver knives and forks; A. Davis, silver butter knife; F. W. Green, half dozen silver tea knives; Jno. Beesley, china fruit set; Mrs. R. Henderson, china tilt set; Jno. Sheppard, china fruit set; David Watson, the Montreal

Star for three years; T. Barry, flower vase; Miss Bertha Beesley, water set; Kenneth Hamilton, china match safe; Mrs. Hallatt, silver fruit spoon; Wm. Heron, table cloth; Miss McDonald, centre table cover; Misses Sarah and Ella Winn, bed spread; Wm. Young, linen table cloth; A. H. Glenn, pair art muslin curtains; R. Alcock, fruit dish; Ben Smith, table cloth and napkins; Royal Harris, fancy china toilet dish; Robt. Emerson, bed spread; R. J. McBride, table cloth; J. W. Ferguson, half dozen napkins; Miss Mima Watson, fancy sofa cushion; S. K. Rathwell, fancy fountain vase; Mrs. J. G. Beesley, china tea set; D. McElin, pickle cruet; J. R. Green, Wilton rug; T. Henderson, pair vases; B. Crozier, Wilton rug; J. Colling, silver cruet set; A. Beesley, silver sugar bowl and spoon holder; Messrs O and A. and Miss Sarah Young, parlor lamp; Willie Beesley, flower basket; Robt. Green, pair linen towels; H. Durrell, linen table cloth; Friend Fowler, fruit dish; M. J. MacLean and Alex. McPherson, half dozen gold lined five o'clock tea spoons.

A REGRETTED CHANGE.

Important School Board Meeting—Miss Burnett Resigns—Messrs. Martin and McKee Leave the Profession.

A special meeting of the school board was held last week to consider the resignation of teachers. The result, although not altogether unexpected, is to be regretted. A communication was received from Miss Burnett conveying her resignation as teacher of the Third Primary Department, owing to her having decided to take a further course of study. The Board accepted the resignation and passed a resolution regretting very much that she found it necessary to resign, and expressing appreciation of her long and faithful services. Two other members of the staff did not apply for re-engagement, and as this left three vacancies to be filled the Board decided to advertise for applications for all except the principalship. Principal Fenwick was re-engaged for his fifth year.

Thus our staff of teachers will undergo a considerable change before school re-opens after the holidays. Miss Burnett goes to Boston next fall to take a course in the teaching of music and drawing which will further fit her for primary work. Miss Burnett has now been in charge of the Primary Department for seven years and it has long been felt that she was too good a teacher for Moose Jaw. The Trustees may congratulate themselves that they have secured her services up to the present, and while they and every parent in Moose Jaw deeply regret her departure, they join in wishing for her success wherever her lot may be.

Mr. Martin has entered the Methodist ministry and has been appointed to the Balgonie field. Mr. McKee has decided to enter the medical profession. Mr. Martin has been in charge of the Entrance Department for two years and Mr. McKee the Intermediate for one year. Both have made many warm friends during their sojourn. They carry with them the kindest feelings and the sincerest wish that they may succeed in their chosen professions.

For Adoption

Owing to the death of his wife Mr. Robt. Sayth of Moose Jaw, desires to find a suitable home for his 4 year old son. For further Particulars Apply to Rev. J. C. Cameron, Moose Jaw.

Saturday's League Match.

The following is the score in last Saturday's league match:	
C. A. Gass	85
D. Moore	75
H. Carter	52
W. J. White	77
J. H. Wilson	78
S. Green	69
J. Mair	82
J. H. Smith	84
T. Withers	87
H. G. Habb	76
Total	779

Experimental Farm Excursion.

We understand that arrangements are being made for an excursion to the Indian Head Experimental Farm to take place about the first week in August. The C.P.R. have offered the following low rates: Moose Jaw, \$1.75; Pelly, \$1.50; Regina, \$1.25; Balgonie, \$1.00; Qu'Appelle, 50c.

The sewer for the new station and Main street is almost completed.

THE POET TO HIS MISTRESS.

In the beautiful long ago,
In days of damsel and beau,
Of merriment and wine,
Each gallant drew by lot to see
Which one among the maids should be
His sweetheart valentine.

Soth, Sylvia, had I pranked it then
Among those madly merry men,
And 'mongst the maidens then,
Thy grace, thy smile, thy artless air,
As far would have proved as stars
That held me tightly near!

And when the hours of trial came,
O Sylvia, had I drawn thy name,
And known that thou wert mine,
With what a wealth of song and bloom
Would I have made a leetle tomb
To good St. Valentine!

Oh, be not chideful, I pray!
In fancy let the golden day
With all its rites return!
Let the dull present be forgot,
And let once more each maiden's lot
Be cast into the urn!

And when—ah, happy moment—I
Behold the name I would desire,
That lovely name of mine,
Within thy sweet eyes may I read
Revealed—oh, joy—then art indeed
My own, my valentine!

—Clinton Scollard in Woman's Home Companion.

THE CHILD SPY.

Every one knew Peter Stenne and loved him too. And how Stenne loved his little boy! When the siege of Paris came, there was no school, and the child was permitted to play at games with other children.

One day as little Stenne was stooping down to pick up a piece of money which had rolled under his feet a big fellow said in a low tone:

"That makes you quiet, hey? Well, if you want me to, I will tell you where to get plenty of them."

The offer was accepted, and, leading Stenne aside, he asked the boy to go with him to sell French newspapers to the Prussians, adding that they could make 30 francs a trip. Stenne indignantly refused, and for three days he remained away from the place. Three dreadful days! He could neither eat nor sleep. At night he seemed to see the pile of galloches at the foot of his bed, and the 100 sous pieces gleaming in the faint light.

The temptation proved too strong. The fourth day he returned to the gaming place, saw the big fellow and agreed to go with him. They set out one snowy morning with sacks on their shoulders, and the papers hidden under their jackets. When they reached the Flanders gate, it was scarcely daylight. The large boy took little Stenne's hand and, approaching the guard, who had a red nose and a kindly manner, he said in a whispering tone: "Please let us pass, kind sir. Our mother is sick and our father is dead. We are going to see if we can find some potatoes in the field outside."

He even shed tears. Stenne, much ashamed, hung his head. The sentinel looked at them a moment, then, glancing at the dreary, white road, he said, "Pass on quickly," and there they were on the way to Aubervilliers. How the big fellow laughed!

Confusedly as in a dream little Stenne saw the factories transformed into barracks, the tall chimneys, piercing the fog, partially broken off. From time to time they came upon sentries, officers who were scouring the horizon with field-glasses and little tents wet with snow, standing before them like sentinels. He knew the way and went across the fields, being careful to avoid the military outposts. Notwithstanding his precautions, they suddenly came upon a squad of riflemen. The troops were partly hidden in a ditch which bordered the Solons railroad. This time they were not allowed to pass so readily, though the large boy told his story in the most pathetic manner. While he was weeping an old white haired sergeant came out of one of the little tents and said:

"Don't cry, little fellow. We will let you go to hunt for your potatoes. But come in first and warm yourselves a bit. The little one looks frozen."

Alas, it was not the cold that made little Stenne shiver so; it was fear and shame. Inside the tent they found soldiers huddled together around a little fire, baking biscuits on the points of their bayonets. They made room for the children and gave them a drop of their warm coffee. While they were drinking it an officer appeared at the door, called the sergeant and after a few words with him in a low tone went quickly away.

"Boys," said the sergeant on re-entering, "there will be fun tonight. We have found out the Prussian outposts. I believe at last we are to capture that cursed Bourget!"

Then followed an explosion of bravos and shouts. The soldiers danced and flourished their bayonets. Taking advantage of the tumult, the boys slipped away. On leaving the trench they saw before them a plain, bordered on the left by a long white wall, defaced by bullets. It was toward this that they directed their footsteps, stopping often, as if picking up potatoes.

"Let us go back when we get to the wall," said Stenne.

The other boy only shrugged his shoulders and went steadily forward. All at once they heard a click and saw a gun pointed at them.

"Crouch down!" whispered the large boy, throwing himself on the ground.

Once down, he whistled. Another whistle answered. They then rose and went up to the fortification. Over the wall they saw two yellow mustaches under dirty military caps. The large boy jumped down beside the Prussian.

"This is my brother," he said, pointing to his companion. Stenne was so little that on seeing him the Prussian began to laugh, and he was obliged to take him by the arm to help him over the rampart.

Behind the wall were earthworks, fallen trees and great black ditches. In each ditch were the same yellow mustaches, which laughed as the little fellows went past. In one corner was a house protected by trunks of trees. The lower story was filled with soldiers playing cards, while soup was cooking over a roaring fire. How good it smelled, and what a contrast to the camp of the French riflemen! In the upper story were the officers. They had champagne to drink and a piano to play on.

When the little Parisians entered, they were greeted with shouts of joy. They delivered their papers to the enemy. They were given wine to drink, and their tongues might be loosened. The large boy amused them by his odd language and his low wit. They laughed boisterously, repeating his expressions, fairly rolling in the Parisian mire that was thus brought to them.

Little Stenne would have liked to talk, too, to show that he was not stupid, but something seemed to choke him. In front of him, standing apart from the others,

was an old Prussian who seemed to be trying to read his thoughts, as the soldier's eyes never left his face. There were tenderness and reproach in the gaze, as if the man had a boy about Stenne's age, and as if he would have said:

"I would rather die than see my son in such business!"

The poor boy felt as if a hand clutched his heart so that it would no longer beat. To escape from his torture, he drank a great deal of wine. Soon everything seemed to be going round and round. In the distance he heard his companion ridiculing the Prussian guard, mistaking their drill and going through other drollery. At last the boy lowered his voice, the officers clustered around him and their faces became serious. The wretch was about to forewarn them of the attack to be made that night. Stenne suddenly realized what was going on and called out:

"Not that! Not that!"

The large boy replied with a loud laugh and went on. Before he had finished all the officers were on their feet. One of them showed the door to the boys and exclaimed:

"Leave at once!"

Then they began talking rapidly among themselves in German, while the large boy walked out as proudly as a Dodo, jingling his money in his pockets. Stenne followed with bent head, and as he passed the old Prussian whose glance had hurt him so he heard a sad voice say: "A bad business, this. A bad business."

Once outside, the boys began to run to get back as soon as possible. Their sacks were filled with potatoes which the Prussians had given them. They passed the French post without being molested. There everything was being got in readiness for the night attack. Troops moved silently and massed themselves behind the bank. How happy the old sergeant seemed as he placed his men! When the boys passed, he recognized them and smiled kindly at them.

Oh, how that smile hurt little Stenne! He wanted to cry out:

"Don't go down there! You have been betrayed."

The older boy had said to him, "If you tell, we will be shot." So he was afraid. On reaching the city they went into a deserted house to divide their money. This was honestly done, and when little Stenne heard his goldpieces rattling in his blouse and thought of the games and galloches in store for him his crime did not seem so very serious.

But when he was alone, poor child, when the large boy had left him outside his door, then his pockets began to feel heavy and the hand which held his heart tightened its grasp. Paris no longer seemed the same place. People passing looked hard at him, as if they knew where he had been. He heard the word "spy" in the noises of the street, in the beating of the drums along the canal. He entered the house and was glad that the large boy had not yet returned. He went at once to his room and hid the crowns which were so heavy under his pillow.

His father had never seemed so kind and so cheerful as on this particular evening.

Encouraging news from the provinces had been received. Things looked brighter. While eating his supper the old soldier looked at his gun hanging on the wall and said to Stenne, with his honest laugh, "Hey, my boy, how you would fight the Prussians if you were only big enough!"

About 8 o'clock they were startled by the sound of a cannon. "That is Bourget," said the good man, who knew the names of all the forts. Little Stenne grew pale, and, pretending to be tired, went to bed, but not to sleep. The cannonade continued. The boy pictured to himself the French soldiers going at night to take the Prussians and falling into an ambush. He thought of the sergeant who had snatched upon him and saw him stretched out dead in the snow, and many, many others with him. The price of all this blood was hidden there under his pillow, and it was he, the son of a soldier, who had stifled his sobs. He heard his father walking about in the next room and at last open a window. Down below in the square the call to arms was sounded, and a regiment was forming to march to the scene of the firing. It was a battle, then. The miserable boy could no longer restrain his sobs.

"What is the matter?" asked Peter Stenne, going into the room. The child slid out of bed and threw himself at his father's feet. At the motion the crowns rolled out from the floor.

"What is this? Have you been stealing?" said the old man in a trembling voice.

Then in a breath little Stenne told him that he had been to the Prussian camp, and that they had given him the money. As he talked his heart grew lighter, and he felt comforted. His father listened with an expression of terror. When the boy had finished, the old man hid his face in his hands and wept aloud.

"Father! Father!" exclaimed the child. The old man pushed the boy aside and picked up the gold.

"Is this all?" he asked.

Little Stenne nodded his head. His father then took down his gun, and, putting the money in his pocket, said:

"I am going to return it to the thieves."

Without another word, without even a look behind, he went out and joined the troops who were marching past. He was never seen again!—Alphonse Daudet.

Earliest Japanese Sculpture.

Professor Ernest F. Fenollosa contributes to "The Century" an Outline of Japanese Art, with unique and unpublished examples. Professor Fenollosa says: By the year 600 our era not only had the Japanese emperor Suiko become the devoted patron of Buddhism, but Shōtoku, the imperial prince, himself a priest, was expounding the new religion at court and sending to Korea for architects, bronze casters, weavers and scholars, with whose aid he founded the great monastery, Hōryū. Still in existence, it is his finest art museum today, though few parts of its architecture date further back than the end of the seventh century. Japanese artists were associated with their Korean teachers in the work of years, and the temple's bronze altar piece, a trinity of small statues on the Korean model, is said to have been designed and cast by Japan's first professional sculptor, Tōri.

But the first great original Japanese statue was carved, nearly life size, out of hard, dark wood, by Prince Shōtoku himself. It represents the Spirit of Providence, seated in thoughtful attitude. Severe and unornamented, without losing Chinese dignity, it adds to Korean spirituality a more human proportion and a more human charm of naive sweetness. Nude from the waist up, its abstract beauty declines without offense all suggestion of muscular detail, and, though it is almost clumsy in parts, its presence at the museum Chūgūji is so powerful as almost to compel the obedience of the beholder.

WAR UNDER THE SEA.

Weird Horrors of Naval Battles Under New Conditions.



STEERING A SUBMARINE TORPEDO BOAT.

There is something ghastly about submarine navigation. A pilot on the Holland boat says that when the propelling power is turned on the noise sounds like the rattle of a steam radiator before it warms up. There is always more or less escape of air, and this makes a hissing sound, rather intimidating at first. A triangular "drag," hung above the rudder, shows whether the boat has held to her course, for the steersman has no landmarks to guide him as soon as the conning tower is submerged and the conning tower is submerged and the conning tower is submerged.

Warfare under such a state of things would seem to be almost an impossibility, but some think the days of ocean fighting will not do with the construction of submarine navies.

One feature of submarine encounters horrible to contemplate is that no inkling of the fate that befalls the boats would ever come to the surface in the event of an encounter proving fatal. Beneath the surface of the water the hostile submarine craft would fight its way with only the fishes as witnesses of the duel, and should both be blown up, as will be unlikely where the weapons are so destructive and so easily used, the boats will sink to the bottom without a ripple having appeared above to inform the world of the fate of the fighters. A submarine boat's crew will go down to fight with the knowledge of all the pomp and ceremony with which romance clothes it to the disgust of those who have experienced its realities. Beneath the waves the submarine encounter will be a silent, swift and terrible encounter, with escape from death depending on hairbreadth chances for all engaged in the fight.

INSOMNIA CLUB.

Universal Guild of the Sleepless Which Knows No Aristocracy.

The Guild of the Night Watchers is one of the most remarkable organizations ever perfected to work out an exalted religious idea. It is worldwide in its membership. A constant and habitual suffering from insomnia is the necessary qualification for membership.

There are 72 people belonging to this wakeful organization. They are scattered about the world, and in the ranks are to be found members of the nobility, army and navy officers, clergymen and servants. Sleeplessness knows no aristocracy.

Seven Americans, three of them living in Chicago, belong to the insomnia club. The Rev. George B. Pratt, assistant rector of the Church of the Epiphany, on Ashland boulevard, is in a double sense one of the most wide awake members of this curious association. The names of the other two Chicago members Mr. Pratt will not disclose for it is an unwritten law of the organization that the identity of the sleepless ones be withheld. The fact is that in many cases no one but the secretary of the guild, Lady Eardley, 4 Leicester street, Hyde Park, London, knows the real names of those belonging. Every member has, however, a list of pseudonyms, with the proper address of the persons who have assumed them. Then when lying awake at night the thoughts of the wakeful ones travel from place to place about the globe, and they find rest and companionship in the thought that others in these places far away or near are thinking of them.

Every member, in addition to thought companionship with other members during sleepless nights, is asked to pray for the guild and for those within its ranks.

AT POMPEII.

At Pompeii I heard a woman laugh and turned to find the reason of her mirth. Saw but the silent figure of a girl. That centuries had mummified into earth.

The running figure of a little maid, with face half hidden in her shielding arm. Silent, yet screaming—yes, in every limb—The cruel torture of her dread alarm.

At Pompeii I heard a maiden shriek. All down the years from out the distant past. Blind in the awful darkness with the rustle of the wind of fear her form has cast.

A little maid once soft and sweet and white, Full of the morning's hope and love and joy. That nature, moving to the voice of time, Shook her dark wings to wither and destroy.

At Pompeii I saw a woman bend Above this dead, pronounce an epitaph. The mother of a child it may have been. Oh, horrible—I heard a woman laugh!

—F. M. L. G.

STOLEN GOODS.

The great dandy of our room—nay, of the entire house—was Ned Spruington. I honestly believe, too, that he was one of the most guileless, simple hearted fellows alive. He had, however, one conspicuous weakness, which was to be taken for a man of fashion. He dressed unexceptionably, and to aid him in producing the impression which he desired upon beholders he carried about with him in all weathers a beautiful silk umbrella, scarcely bulkier than a lady's parasol, though, of course, considerably longer. Judging from the cut of his handle, mounted in gold, it must have cost him a mint of money.

Well, this umbrella of Ned's was tried all over the world, and it was always found in some safe place. If we had succeeded in gaining possession of it, it would at once have taken a conspicuous position in society, such as covering the old apple woman at the corner. It was unapproachable. At last we became so desperate that I accepted a heavy wager from one of the other fellows that I would present myself at the office the next morning, at all hazards, the proud possessor of Ned Spruington's umbrella.

On that particular day, work being slack, every one was enabled to leave unusually early, so that by 4 o'clock in the afternoon the house was cleared of all save myself, my brother conspirator and the old soldier who lived with his wife on the premises. My friend Ned, as was his custom at such times, had announced his intention of promenading the Ladies' Mile, there to air himself, his aristocracy and his umbrella. I decided upon following him thither. As there were yet two hours of daylight, however, I thought I could do no better than fortify myself for the enterprise by taking some substantial refreshment before commencing operations, after which I would trust to the chapter of accidents.

With this object in view I was repairing toward my favorite place of refectory in the Strand when who should I see looking in at the topographer's shop by Northumberland House but Ned Spruington! He ought by rights to have been nearly two miles away at Hyde Park corner, but here he was at Charing Cross, calmly studying some map of a "seat of war." He was so wedged in among other gazers that I could not get at him to speak or even to have a clear view of his face. But I knew him by his height, by the neatly braided coat, the delicately tinted hair, the well kept hat and, last but not least, the umbrella. He was holding his hands behind his back, and in one of them the precious article was firmly clasped.

Yes, there it was, once again, gold mounted and all. As I looked a sudden remembrance of my possession of the article, I admit, as it could hardly lead to a practical result. But I thought if I could only get the umbrella out of his hand in some way and run off with it that he, seeing it in the possession of a friend, would give up the chase, knowing that he would recover his property the next day. At the moment of my resolution I was in the street, and I was in the street, and I was in the street.

No sooner thought than done. On the pavement I espied a piece of clean straw, well adapted for the purpose I had in view. Picking it up, I proceeded to tuck it with my right hand, and, at the same time, I answered admirably. Thinking it, I suppose, to be a troublesome fly, he raised his hand to brush off the assailant. But to do this he was compelled to shift the umbrella from his right hand to his left. The moment of the transference was enough for me. Before the fingers of his left hand could close I had seized the umbrella and the next moment was dashing madly across Trafalgar square in the direction of the Haymarket.

There was a sudden commotion behind me—a commotion which soon swelled into an uproar. I hesitated no further than to turn half round in order to let Spruington see who I was and to flourish in the air my umbrella—I mean his umbrella. But the uproar did not relax. On the contrary, it began to shape itself into words. Hoarse shouts of "Stop thief!" followed me as I flew up the steps at the farther end of the square. The cries all ringing in my ears, I dashed helter-skelter past the College of Physicians and Colnaghi's printshop till I came to the corner of Suffolk street. Here I was brought up "all standing" by an iron grip upon the collar from behind. Turning round, I found myself in the custody of a policeman.

In the usual brief space of time the inevitable London crowd assembled about us. I was regarded with curiosity, loaded with reproaches and fettered with wit of an extremely personal nature all at the same moment. This I bore with patience, if not with good humor, convinced that on the arrival of Spruington I should get out of my tormentors. Presently a lane was made for the approach of the owner of the stolen property. Judge of my horror on perceiving that the panting individual was a total stranger to me!

Of course all my protestations of innocence were of no avail. Clatter, clatter, rattle, bang! The cell door closed upon me, and I was a prisoner.

The gloom was so great that, though it was daylight, I could at first distinguish nothing. Gradually I became aware that I was in a narrow vaulted room, as strong as brick and iron could make it. Half way up the wall was a wooden wainscoting and around two sides I could dimly see a low bench, barely two feet from a door which was inch deep in sawdust. The iron door of this delightful apartment was of great thickness, disclosing about five feet from the ground a small grating of round holes. By pressing my face against this grating I could see into the corridor without. But the only view obtainable was a round glass window opposite, illuminated by the last lingering rays of the setting sun. It was altogether a most depressing place. The door suggested to

me was a confined one, made up of the condemned cell in Newgate and the dungeons of the Bastille. Occasional gruff voices and heavy footsteps in the corridor deepened the impression. A mouse in a trap was a king to me.

Then I began to think seriously of my situation. That I had committed felony there could not be the least doubt, though with no felonious intention. Would the magistrate believe my explanation? Surely in my manner and appearance were as those of a pick— But my heart sank within me as I remembered that the London swell mob are known to be the cleverest actors in the world—in fact, can imitate to perfection any class of society. My only hope was in Spruington. He would be of material assistance in clearing up the mystery. Now, yes, now, now—I could have sworn it to belong to none other but him! However, I had dispatched messengers to him, my employer and my friends; therefore the only thing to be done was to wait patiently till the morning.

I spare you a description of that night of horrors, for such it was to some who had never before suffered any kind of deprivation of liberty; how the monotony of the long, long hours was only broken at intervals by the appearance at the grating of a stern, helmeted visage, demanding whether "all was right;" how at 4 o'clock a. m. two fellow prisoners in the shape of a drunken scavenger and a dower from the Royal artillery were thrust into a cell, or how in the morning all the cells were emptied and we, the occupants, with aching bones, unwashed and unkempt, were paraded through the streets in a melancholy string to an adjacent police court.

Fortunately my case came on early, so that I had not long to wait among the crowd of dirty, disreputable "detenues," each guarded by a constable, who filled an outer room.

At the cry of "Charles Blank!" (I shuddered to hear my name in such a place) I and my attendant policeman, marched into the court. The jailer, a big, burly, bald-headed, silk buttoned person, placed me in the dock. At the same moment the prosecutor entered the witness box to be sworn. He was a grizzled looking man of about 45, and no more like Ned Spruington in front than I was like the monument.

In a few calm, well chosen words he described the whole occurrence. When he asked me questions to which I thought proper, I declined to do so. Then, after his evidence had been confirmed by the constable who arrested me, the magistrate, an amiable looking old gentleman, asked me, "Well, my friend, what have you to say?"

In reply I gave the same simple and unvarnished statement which I had already given at the police station.

"That is all very well as far as it goes, but have you any witnesses to character?"

"Yes, sir—Mr. Edward Spruington." "Good," said the magistrate, encouragingly. Then I could hear the clerk shouting the familiar name through the passages of the court.

After a few minutes' suspense the official returned, accompanied, to my great delight, by Ned. The good fellow looked so distressed to see me in such a predicament that I felt convinced he would have given a dozen umbrellas to have got me out of the scrape. As soon as he made his appearance I noticed that the prosecutor changed color. I also noticed that while taking the oath Ned kept one hand behind his back. I could not have told you why, but I felt that the well kept appearance from both those trifling circumstances.

To shorten matters, I may say that if I had been a seraph I could not have received a better character than that given me by Ned. At last came the question, "Then you think the prisoner incapable of stealing this umbrella?"

"Well, sir," said Ned, who had recovered his self possession, "if, as I understand, stealing means taking property from the owner, it is impossible the prisoner could have committed the theft."

What a first rate advocate Ned was becoming!

"Impossible! Why?"

"Because that umbrella was first stolen from me!"

"It is an infamous falsehood!" cried the prosecutor, staring up.

"Is it?" replied Ned. "That person need not be so particular about words, for this is all he left me in exchange at the Clerg Livin'."

With that he produced, amid the laughter of the court, what he had hitherto concealed behind his back—namely, a wooden handled umbrella much the worse for wear, of silk certainly, but no more to be compared with the glories of the one I carried. He insisted upon paying the witness with the archbishop of Canterbury's best "shovel."

An attempt at bluster by the late possessor of his umbrella was quietly met by Ned with a request that an officer of the court should examine the initials upon the handle. This was concluded. The clerk's initials were T. W., and he had not had time to take notice of the minute "E. S." cut into the ivory stone.

Of course my immediate release followed upon this discovery, accompanied by the assurance that I left that court without any stain upon my character, etc. My attorney, Mr. Spruington, was then introduced, away, yet not before he had received a severe rebuke administered by the magistrate.

As for Ned, he was overflowing with gratitude. He declared with tears in his eyes that I had been the means of restoring to him his lost treasure. That was more, he insisted upon paying the witness which I had lost and also of performing the part of Amphitruon at a capital dinner in the evening.—Short Stories.

Hypnotism.

Hypnotism has been well styled "artificially induced somnambulism," for the phenomena of the one state are analogous to those of the other, the action being formed by the sleep-walker, run parallel to those we can induce at will in the magnetic subject. That which we do effect in hypnotism is essentially the inhibition of the upper brain. We switch off the cerebrum temporarily from its command of the body and allow the action of the lower brain, under the influence of suggestion, to take the front in the mental life of the individual.

Any rational theory of mesmerism must take such facts into account. On this basis alone is hypnotism to be scientifically explained. Hypnotism is some such use of its causation, hypnotism cannot be explained at all, and in the latter case it will pass inevitably into the domain of the quack, who, with his high sounding prattle, mystifies the ignorant and adds another and very considerable portion to the already lofty edifice of human folly and credulity.—Andrew Wilson, M. D., in Harper's Magazine.

The Drawback.

"The only trouble with my profession," said an ex-convict, "is that it is apt to be rather a confining place."—Harper's Bazar.

COWBOY SONG.

[With apologies to Bayard Taylor's "Bedouin"]

From the ranges I come to thee
On a broncho of fractious birth,
And a pale countenance with me
As his head bent the sand dunes
Under thy window I stand
And this song on my lips
"How does my Sally Ann
With a love that will hold its grip
Till the sun grows cold
And the stars are old
And the leaves of the judgment book
unfurl."

Look from thy window and see
The shadow of my shadow
All caught in my shadow
From the night winds the candle grows
Let the right winds blow your brow
And with your red tresses play
As I sing you a tender lay
Of a love that has come to stay
Till the sun grows cold
And the stars are old
And the leaves of the judgment book
unfurl.

My broncho was better driven
By the lover that burns in my breast,
By the years of a heart so given
That it seems to me still to be
Then did you from your back, my Sally,
And with your arms with a bound,
And my kisses the tale will tell
Of love that will hold its grip
Till the sun grows cold
And the stars are old
And the leaves of the judgment book
unfurl.

—Denver Post.

A SOLDIER'S DEATH.

It was the hardest bit of marching we ever did.

A hot wind rolled like a mist across the desert, and our eyes and ears and throats were filled with sand. There wasn't a man who didn't curse.

The brown water we had was warm. It seemed our clothing worked up our backs and stopped there. My tongue felt as though it was as big as an egg, my head thoroughly ached as if an iron ball was about it, and all the time we had to push on over the soft sand, with the officers yelling to us to keep the square, the camels screaming as only Sudanese camels can scream, and overhead the blaze of the scorching African sun trying to set us on fire, while away up the baked rocks we could discern the dervishes skipping about and occasionally waving the green flag of the prophet.

You've seen pictures of an army going into battle—the hands playing, the banners fluttering, the men marching in solid lines, the officers on careering horses and with drawn swords.

Well, we didn't look anything like that. There was no hand and no flag. We were all too mad with the heat to even keep step and were scattered about like a lot of beetles at a courting match. Most of us had our jackets open, and some of us stuck dirty red cotton handkerchiefs under the helmets to ward off the sun. Our clothes were torn and dusty and our boots were brown and hard.

None of us had shaved for a month, and for the last three days there hadn't been a drop of water to wash in.

There was no talk about the glory of fighting. We didn't care a hang about victory or English or queen. That's all right to tell folks at dinners they give us when we get home after the campaign.

Ward was fuming about a blister he had on his heel, and wondering why we couldn't form where we were, and let the Sudanese come to us.

Little Jenkins was in a funk. "It's not as I think I'll be shot," he said, "but my knees are just as shaky as an old nag's. I'm blessed if I can go much farther. Lor', I'd give a week's pay for a 'f' pint. Do you feel dizzy like, Fletcher?"

"Oh, dry up!" I said. "I was wild with the agency of marching, the blasts of sand that met us, the shouting, the cursing, when the gun carriages stuck."

"This 'ere fighting's a rum un," he added hoarsely. "Would ye rather be killed by a bullet or a spear, Fletcher?"

"I'm not going to be killed at all," I growled. "Look out!"

One of the mules appeared as if it had gone mad, for it began jumping and shrieking, and the whip only made it worse.

We knew the great mass of the enemy was about two miles ahead. We could see them bobbing about among the rocks.

Away on our right, over broken ground and burned brushwood, were about 50 of them popping at us from behind boulders. But the shots fell short, although we were marching nearer them.

Soon there came a singing swish through the air. Every man who heard it ducked his head. We looked at each other and grimly smiled.

"That bloke ain't much of a shot," said Ward. "He fires too high."

Then there started more bullets whizzing. "Open out, men, confound you! Why don't you open out?" roared the colonel, who was following up behind the face of the square.

We scattered a bit, but not much. Everybody seemed to be in everybody else's way.

"What an ass to put us under fire like this!" some one shouted a little way down the line.

A bullet caught a camel in the hump. The brute tried to rear, but it couldn't. It's eyes flashed with fright as I have never seen a camel's eyes flash.

"I guess," said Jenkins, who was trembling, "it 'ud be best to get a whip in the arm first. Then one 'ud be able to get inside the ambulance."

"You beastly little shrimp," yelled Ward, who was on the other side, "d'you want to skimp it?"

The bullets began dropping among us. There's no use denying it; I was scared. It was a miserable sort of way playing at war. When I heard one of the men down the line groan as his cheek was torn up and saw another tumble with his face downward and commence biting the sand when his thigh was ripped open, it was difficult for me to breathe.

I never saw such excitement. The

officers rushed about shouting until we didn't know what to do. Yet we kept moving forward over the hillocks of sand, our lips cracked, our eyes burning and glaring like balls of fire, swearing at one another, and all swearing at the cowardly niggers sheltering beyond the boulders.

"What time is it now at Knightsbridge?" asked Jenkins, his thin face twitching.

"Same time as it is at London bridge," I retorted, with an oath.

"Look here, Fletcher, if I'm killed will my name be put in the papers?"

"Shut up; you're too little to hit."

"Cause," he said, "I've a gal who's a snivy, an—"

We both saw Ward double up. He had seen hit in the stomach. He dropped his rifle and looked around as if he wanted to clutch hold of something. Then a terrible grin spread over his features, and he began running like a drunken man. He hadn't gone more than four steps when down he flopped in a heap.

Two of the men turned him over. He was dead.

All the perspiration seemed to jump out of me, and I shivered. I just felt as if I had been knocked as weak as a kitten. There's no satisfaction being killed by a man you can't see. If I were going to be killed, I would like to be close up to the chap.

Jenkins said nothing. But he kept turning round to see who had been struck. And all the while the sand was blowing over us in thin clouds, blinding us, choking us, driving us furious.

"Why the blazes can't we open fire?" one of the sergeants behind me muttered. "This ain't no fun!"

"Keep closer, men, keep closer," roared the colonel.

"I thought he said we was to spread out a bit," grumbled Jenkins.

It was slow work getting forward. We were on the sandy plain, and the black fellows up in the rocks had a pretty big target.

I had always thought a man yelled when he was ripped into with a bullet. He just groaned and cursed.

Lots of the shots fell short and knocked up little puffs of sand like clouds.

"Lord!" grunted Hempton, with the square chin, "hev I been struck?" There was a great tear across his shoulder. Somebody gave a tug at his jacket, and his gray flannel shirt was redder than a parade tunic. "It don't hurt; not a blasted bit."

Then he sat down and fainted.

"I do not wonder if I'm to be hit," whined Jenkins.

He could hardly hold his rifle. He was trembling, his lips as white as his cheek, and his eyes shifting as though he expected to see the bullet coming. Every time there was the whistle of one he started.

He was a miserable little beggar, thin legged and narrow chested. I think he came from Knightsbridge way. He had been a clerk. But he was no good at that, and his folks turned him out of doors, and then how he lived till he joined the Fifty-third I'm blessed if I know. He hadn't enough food as a youngster—at least it looked like that.

He and I were among the skirmishers. I don't think there was much chance of us being picked up quicker than the others, but Jenkins' hand was so shaky he couldn't stick a cartridge in his rifle.

When I tried to lodge a cartridge, some sand blew in, and it jammed. That's the sort of thing that worries a man when fighting.

How those blacks pelted us! We all began grumbling at not firing back.

"Don't waste anything!" the colonel yelled above the noise. "Don't throw anything away. Don't shoot till you see the whites of their eyes. Then let in to them!"

The air was suffocating. A hot reek seemed to hang over us, and I began to feel sick. I felt like tumbling when a fellow's cheek was slit down as with a sabre.

There was an awful row among the men with the machine guns. "Go on! Pull up there!" And down came the thing on the mule, which would spring forward. "Hold hard, you fool! Do you want to break the square?" And then the mule's head would be jerked.

"Fletcher," whined little Jenkins, "if I should be killed, you might—might let my gal know. She's a—a slavey, as lives in—Almighty!"

A bullet crashed through his helmet and went into the man's shoulder behind. Jenkins staggered as though he had been hit.

"That's a pretty narrow squeak. It's a good job you're a little un," I said, trying to laugh.

Jenkins did laugh, but rather strangely. "That's your first taste of war," I added. "It'll put life into you like a gill of rum. You'll be all right when you get up to the blacks. You won't have time to funk it. You'll have to fight like the very devil. Buck up!"

He laughed again, and I don't think he trembled quite so much. "How terribly slow our advance was!" It was a cry. We were huddled together, first swaying this way, then that. We were tired, dirty and bedraggled. We didn't seem to be taking much notice of the enemy. We were letting loose at one another with our tongues. There were the rattle of gun carriages and the click of rifles. The baggage in the center of the square was constantly getting into a hopeless muddle, and the officers were fuming. And then the ambulance men got in the way, and all was confusion, the men dropping, wounded. The banging of the guns up the rocks was almost lost in the din.

"Skirmishers, out!" the order was given, and away a lot of us dashed to the front.

It was the hardest bit of marching we ever did. A hot wind rolled like a mist across the desert, and our eyes and ears and throats were filled with sand. There wasn't a man who didn't curse.

The brown water we had was warm. It seemed our clothing worked up our backs and stopped there. My tongue felt as though it was as big as an egg, my head thoroughly ached as if an iron ball was about it, and all the time we had to push on over the soft sand, with the officers yelling to us to keep the square, the camels screaming as only Sudanese camels can scream, and overhead the blaze of the scorching African sun trying to set us on fire, while away up the baked rocks we could discern the dervishes skipping about and occasionally waving the green flag of the prophet.

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None of us had shaved for a month, and for the last three days there hadn't been a drop of water to wash in.

There was no talk about the glory of fighting. We didn't care a hang about victory or English or queen. That's all right to tell folks at dinners they give us when we get home after the campaign.

Ward was fuming about a blister he had on his heel, and wondering why we couldn't form where we were, and let the Sudanese come to us.

Little Jenkins was in a funk. "It's not as I think I'll be shot," he said, "but my knees are just as shaky as an old nag's. I'm blessed if I can go much farther. Lor', I'd give a week's pay for a 'f' pint. Do you feel dizzy like, Fletcher?"

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Soon there came a singing swish through the air. Every man who heard it ducked his head. We looked at each other and grimly smiled.

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"Cause," he said, "I've a gal who's a snivy, an—"

We both saw Ward double up. He had seen hit in the stomach. He dropped his rifle and looked around as if he wanted to clutch hold of something. Then a terrible grin spread over his features, and he began running like a drunken man. He hadn't gone more than four steps when down he flopped in a heap.

Two of the men turned him over. He was dead.

All the perspiration seemed to jump out of me, and I shivered. I just felt as if I had been knocked as weak as a kitten. There's no satisfaction being killed by a man you can't see. If I were going to be killed, I would like to be close up to the chap.

A FAMILY FAILING.

The struggle with Heredity.

The Right Side of the Color Line.

"To heredity, to the transmission of traits from sire to son, we owe most of the possibilities of growth and development. Each newly born being starts out anew, without the force of heredity the level of life might be expected to be that of the degenerate Indian or Bushman. Naturally bad traits descend like the good. Peculiarities and features, eccentricities of speech and manner, birth marks, etc., are handed down just as surely as manual dexterity, physical beauty, mathematical ability, and the mental and moral qualities in general. A curious example of this descent of family traits is the case of Mrs. Maggie Pickett, Canton, Ga., in whose family gray hair was hereditary. She writes:

"Gray hair is hereditary in our family. As long as I can recollect my mother's hair has been gray. About twelve years ago my hair began to show signs of turning. I resolved to try Ayer's Hair Vigor, and after using it for a few weeks my hair was restored to its natural color. I still use this dressing occasionally, a bottle lasting me quite a while, and I am now over forty years of age, my hair retains its youthful color and fullness. To all who are troubled with falling or thinning hair, I recommend Dr. Ayer's Hair Vigor."—Mrs. Maggie Pickett, Canton, Ga.

There is no shame in gray hair, but there

may be some sadness, because it is so timely, and of so many. Gray hairs are a crown of honor to the aged, but to the young they are a stigma. There is no need to be gray in youth. Grayness comes from a deficiency of the coloring matter which gives the hair its natural tint. This coloring matter can be supplied artificially, and is supplied by Dr. J. C. Ayer's Hair Vigor. It is a hair-growing tonic, and gives the hair its natural tint. This coloring matter can be supplied artificially, and is supplied by Dr. J. C. Ayer's Hair Vigor. It is a hair-growing tonic, and gives the hair its natural tint. This coloring matter can be supplied artificially, and is supplied by Dr. J. C. Ayer's Hair Vigor. It is a hair-growing tonic, and gives the hair its natural tint.

"About three years ago, my head began to turn gray, which caused great sadness. After a time, the hair began falling out. The use of Dr. J. C. Ayer's Hair Vigor stopped the hair from falling out, and made it grow again. It is a hair-growing tonic, and gives the hair its natural tint. This coloring matter can be supplied artificially, and is supplied by Dr. J. C. Ayer's Hair Vigor. It is a hair-growing tonic, and gives the hair its natural tint.

Dr. Ayer's Hair Vigor is noted as a dressing. It is used every day by thousands whose chief claim to beauty rests on gray hair. It is a hair-growing tonic, and gives the hair its natural tint. This coloring matter can be supplied artificially, and is supplied by Dr. J. C. Ayer's Hair Vigor. It is a hair-growing tonic, and gives the hair its natural tint.

THE CARE OF CATS.

Kind of Food That Should Be Given to Them—Treatment When Sick.

"Cats are by no means as hardy as is suggested by the old adage that each cat has nine lives," remarked a veterinarian who makes a specialty of treating sick cats. "But there is no reason why, with proper care, a pet cat should not live to a very old age. Cats should be fed regularly and at least twice a day. Broad fish or codfish, mackerel and milk, the milk having a little hot water and a trifle of sugar added to it in chilly weather, should constitute their breakfast. Bread and broth with a little cooked meat is quite sufficient for their dinner. A little fresh fish may be given occasionally and now and then a morsel of uncooked liver and meat, care being taken to remove all fat. Any vegetable for which the cat shows a fondness may be given with discretion.

"Remember to see that a cat always has access to a plenty of fresh water and fresh grass, being a genuine panacea for all its minor troubles. The diseases of cats include sore throat, bronchitis, pneumonia and consumption, which are especially prevalent among them, as they are very susceptible to dampness. One of the first symptoms of illness is a rough and untidy coat. If this be accompanied by restlessness and languor, it is safe to administer a dose of castor oil and provide the cat with a sheltered place until the effect has worn off.

"Where the presence of any kind of poison is suspected prompt and energetic action should be taken. A liberal dose of lukewarm water slightly salted generally has a good effect, but it is safest to give at once sweet oil or melted lard. After such an experience a course of cod liver oil is advised, with a generous diet. A little powdered sulphur added to a paste with unsalted butter and administered upon the front paws is an excellent thing to keep a cat in good condition, but care should be taken to keep it from all exposure to dampness until the effects of the dose disappear.

"Never scold, frighten or shake a sick cat. It matters not how cross the cat may be at first, they soon come to understand the treatment is for their own comfort and will quietly submit after a short while. Care must be taken to guard against their bite, however, as the bite of a cat is always a serious thing. In giving medicine the sick animal should be held in a sheet, its paws at its side, the mouth pressed open and a bit of wood laid across the lower jaw just behind the eye-teeth."

A Problem in Mute Lovemaking.
Paul Milliken, who is quite an expert in the language of deaf mutes, says that one morning he was coming down the Avondale car, when he became interested in a discussion between two mutes.

"Say, I want your advice," said one of them, using his hands as vocal organs. "I shall be happy to oblige you," said the other.

"Are you up on the tricks of women?" inquired the first one.

The second man modestly admitted that he knew something of the gentler sex, although he disclaimed being an oracle.

"Well," resumed the one who wanted advice, "you know, I am in love with a girl, and I could not say a word. Then Mabel got up and turned the gas down."

"Well," said the other, "what is bothering me is this: Did she do that to encourage me and relieve my embarrassment, or did she do it so we could not see to talk in the dark, and to stop my proposal?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Russian Admirer of Emerson.
Andrew D. White has an article in The Century. "A Russian Statesman." This is a sketch of Constantine Pobedonostsev, the bitterly abused procurator general of the holy synod. Mr. White says:

But the most curious—indeed, the most amazing—revelation of the man I found in his love for American literature. He is a devotee of Emerson, and in the whole of his reading American authors were evidently among those he preferred. Of these Hawthorne, Lowell and, above all, Emerson were his favorites. Curious, indeed, was it to learn that this "arch persecutor," this "Torquemada of the nineteenth century," this man whose hand is especially heavy upon Catholics and Protestants and dissenters throughout the empire, whose name is spoken with abhorrence by millions within the empire and without it, still reads as his favorite author the philosopher of Concord. He told me that the first book which he ever translated into Russian was Thomas a Kempis' "Imitation of Christ," and of that he gave me the Latin original from which he had made his translation, with a copy of the translation itself. He also told me that the first book which he translated was a volume of Emerson's essays, and he added that for years there had always lain open upon his study table a volume of Emerson's writings.

Manitoba & Northwestern Railway.

THE TIMES

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Moose Jaw, N. W. T.

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Thos. Miller, Manager.

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Our job department is equipped with every appliance necessary for turning out first class work at shortest notice. Prices moderate.

The Moose Jaw Times.

"And what is writ, is writ,—
Would it were worthier!" —Byron.

FRIDAY, JUNE 24, 1898.

THE GOVERNMENT'S RECORD.

A few days before the close of the Ottawa session the Globe devoted a column to a review of the work accomplished since the advent of the Liberal Government to power. Sir Wilfrid and his colleagues will not be in office two years until some time next month. For what has been accomplished during those two years we will let the Globe speak:

When the Liberals went into power they found the fiercest sectarian controversy in the country's history in progress over the Manitoba school question. There has been no coercion under Laurier. The school question is settled and the agitation is dead.

The German and Belgian treaties which stood in the way of preferential trade between Great Britain and her colonies have been terminated through the efforts of the Canadian Government.

The tariff has been revised and duties generally have been scaled down to a revenue basis, while corn, binder twine, barbed wire, things used largely by farmers, have been put upon the free list.

The movement toward inter-imperial free trade has been greatly advanced by the adoption of a preferential tariff under which goods from Great Britain and free trading colonies and possessions like New South Wales and India are admitted 25 per cent. under the general tariff maintained against protectionist countries.

Trade with the West Indies has been stimulated by the application of the minimum tariff on imports from these islands. West India sugar will, it is anticipated, drive German beet sugar out of the Canadian market, and Canadian fish and food stuffs will be sold more extensively in the West Indies.

The Immigration Department has been reorganized and put upon a business basis, and the plains of the West are now being peopled more rapidly than at any other time in the history of the Dominion.

The vast mining areas in southern British Columbia, unquestionably among the richest in the world, are now being opened up by the construction of a railway 430 miles in length, which, it is believed, will be ultimately extended to the Pacific Coast.

Every effort is being made to cheapen the cost of transporting Canadian products to the European market, both in summer and winter, by all-Canadian routes. The rapid deepening of the canals, the extension of the Intercolonial to Montreal, the harbor improvements lately authorized at Montreal, Halifax and St. John, the equipment of ocean liners with cold storage and the subsidizing of cold storage warehouses throughout the country are all steps in this direction.

A contract has been let for a fast Atlantic mail service that it is expected will greatly improve Canada's position as one of the main highways of travel between Europe and the far east, as well as give better service to Canadians travelling to and from Europe.

The discovery of a new and rich gold field in the Yukon was followed by the most vigorous action toward the enforcement of Canadian law and the securing of the trade of the new district for Canadian merchants and manufacturers.

The short-sighted and unpatriotic action of the Senate has injured our trade interest there, but life and property are as safe in the

Yukon as at the centres of civilization. Large sums are spent in securing this end, but the Dominion is recouped by fees, customs revenues and a royalty on gold.

An endeavor has been made to place the name of Canada more prominently before the consumers of Canadian products by requiring the branding of all packages of dairy produce with the words "Canadian" or "Made in Canada."

The rate of interest on Canadian Government loans placed in Great Britain has been reduced from 3 to 2½ per cent.

The careful work of the Minister of Militia resulted in the sending of a Canadian military contingent to the jubilee celebration that gave a proper idea of the position of Canada in the Empire.

An unfriendly alien labor law of the United States has been met by the enactment of a similar law in Canada by way of protest. As a result of negotiations begun in November last, a joint commission representing Great Britain, Canada and the United States will meet shortly at Quebec to arrange a treaty for the settlement of all points of difference between Canada and the United States. The relation between the two countries are now more cordial than at any time since the civil war.

During the last session the Liberal party has sought to redeem ante-election pledges by measures providing for (1) the repeal of the Dominion franchise law, (2) a plebiscite on the prohibition question, (3) the abolition of the system of superannuating members of the civil service.

The material prosperity of the country greatly increased under Liberal administration. Before 1893 the annual exports of Canadian produce never exceeded one million dollars in value. The exports in the year ending June, 1897, were valued at \$123,632,000, sixteen millions more than the last year of protective administration. For the ten months of the year 1897-98, ending April 30, the exports of Canadian produce were \$130,090,000. The total for the year will be at least \$145,000,000, or \$36,000,000 more than the best year of Tory rule.

Canada is greatly increasing her share of the carrying trade. In 1897, \$10,825,163 worth of foreign produce was shipped out from Canadian ports as compared with \$6,606,738 worth in 1896. The new grain routes from the Western States opened up this year will still further increase this trade.

While the revenues and expenditures of the country are increasing the expansion of revenue is largely in post office, railway and special Yukon accounts, which cannot be regarded as taxation. Mr. Fielding estimates the receipts from customs duties, which are the chief means of taxation, at \$21,500,000 during the coming year. During the last years of prosperity under Tory administration, 1890 and 1891, the customs taxation was for 1890 \$23,921,000 and for 1891 \$23,416,000. The customs collections fell below eighteen millions in 1895, but there was a very large deficit that year and over four million dollars had to be borrowed for current expenses. Perhaps the best evidence that the people are more lightly taxed now than under Tory administration is to be found in the fact that, while the imports in April of this year were valued at \$10,127,634 as compared with \$8,395,282 for April, 1897 under the old tariff, the duty collected was this year \$10,000 less than in 1897. With the preferential tariff in full operation next month this condition of affairs will be even more marked.

The Prince Albert "Times," after detailing the fruits of the recent visit to that town of J. H. Ross, commissioner of public works, on business relating to the improvements of the Green Lake trail, announces the satisfaction of the Board of Trade and people there with the promptness of the North-West Government, and says: "The Territories seem to have a business government. Can those who clamor for party government demonstrate that it would equal the present system? Party government in the Territories must never be the party government of the Dominion. A division on the lines of the needs of the Territories is all the people will stand, and only such will serve the best interests of the country."

YOU'LL FIND IT IN WAGBORN'S GUIDE

First Class Boots and Shoes.

LATEST STYLES FROM JNO. M'PHERSON

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Best Quality of Paints
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Good Ontario Green Apples

R. BOGUE.

OUR OTTAWA LETTER

THE PROROGATION GUNS HAVE BOOMED.

The Session is Now Over, and the M.P.s. Are Scattered to the Four Corners of the Dominion—Mr. Foster Talk ed to the Last, but His Unfair Comparisons Don't Hold.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Ottawa, June 17.—At last the session is over, the guns of prorogation have boomed, and Parliament Hill is practically deserted, while the worn and weary legislators are scattered to the four corners of the Dominion and the country is entering upon a well earned rest. Day by day during the past two or three weeks of the session the attendance of the Members dwindled slowly but surely until on the morning of the last day, when Mr. Foster made his labored attack upon the Government's financial policy, he was supported by just three Conservative members, and on the Government side seventeen faithful Commons chatted, yawned and watched the clock—a score out of 213; the other 193 had fled the scene.

TALK! TALK! TALK!

Nor could the humane onlooker blame them for so doing, for the conditions were not inviting, and after four long months of talk, there were few who were left unsatisfied. The session might have been easily wound up at least three or four weeks earlier, had the verbose members, especially on the left of Mr. Speaker, been content to gauge the quantity of their remarks by their quality. Still with the example of their leaders before them, one need not wonder at the rank and file yielding to temptation and "placing themselves on record" at inordinate length and with appalling frequency. Even on the last morning Mr. Foster, in his dual capacity of Opposition leader and official financial critic, occupied upwards of an hour resurrecting a series of general extravagance, which he supported by a rehearsal of figures carefully selected regardless of accuracy for the purpose of proving the contentions he advanced.

As these contentions have been frequently urged during the session and repeated on numerous platforms throughout the country, backed by the same opposing array of statistics, it may be well to give them some attention, and by rather more than superficial examination ascertain whether the "facts" and figures will both stand the test of intelligent scrutiny.

OPPOSITION CHARGES.

First as to the charges. These are fairly familiar to those who have followed the proceedings of Parliament, viz.: That the Liberals have utterly disregarded their pre-election pledges of economy and retrenchment, and have in place thereof increased taxation increased expenditure and increased

the permanent debt in a manner altogether reckless and unjustifiable.

Then as to the proof. The expenditure of the late Government, says Mr. Foster, during the last year of office, 1895-96, was \$36,949,142, while the expenditure of the present Government in its first year 1896-97, was \$38,349,000, an increase of \$1,400,000 over the previous year and about the same amount of increase over the average for the ten years previous.

Let us examine these figures. The actual amount expended for 1895-96 was as stated by Mr. Foster, but did that amount include all liabilities? Assuredly not. A glance at the figures for the years from 1889 will be valuable here. They are as follows:

AN UNFAIR COMPARISON.

With this steady increase of nearly half a million a year up to 1895, the ex-Finance Minister asks the country to look at the figures for the next year, \$36,949,142, and believe that suddenly and without any apparent cause a clear drop of \$1,182,863 took place. Such is not the fact, for the expenditure was only brought to that abnormally low figure by a straight manipulation of the accounts on the eve of the general election, first by temporarily cutting down expenses to a basis that none knew better than Mr. Foster himself could not be maintained, and second by putting over until the following year, 1896-97, payment of much which properly belonged to the fiscal period of 1895-96 and which the incoming Government had to pay.

Proof of this does not rest on the assertion of Liberal Ministers or their supporters, but upon Mr. Foster's own estimates for the next year, which the new Government found in the Department of Finance when they assumed office. The main estimates for 1896-97 prepared by Mr. Foster call for \$38,308,548, the supplementary for \$3,621,689, or a total of \$41,930,237, a jump of \$5,000,000 in one year. When brought face to face with these figures in the House, Mr. Foster blankly denied that they were authentic, or that a single dollar of the supplementary had ever been considered, but as Mr. Fielding properly contended in reply, the details of these estimates were in the hands of all the Conservative candidates the country over during the campaign of two years ago and promises were made in almost every constituency of public works which "were provided for in the estimates," so that, as the Minister of Finance pointed out, either those were the estimates or the Conservative candidates were deliberately fooling the people.

THE CURRENT ESTIMATES

So much for the condition of affairs when the Conservatives went out of power. Now as to the estimates for the year 1897-98, which amount to \$39,282,147.79 plus supplementary \$1,287,344.81, or a total of \$40,569,492.60. From this the cost of administering the Yukon must be deducted if an honest comparison is to be made, together with the cost of extending the Intercolonial Railway to Montreal, the figures being \$655,000 and \$159,500 respectively, or a total of \$814,500. This leaves the estimates for ordinary services for the year 1897-98 at \$39,754,992, as against Mr. Foster's estimates in 1895-96 of \$41,930,237, or a difference in favor of the present Government of \$2,175,245.

For 1898-99 the estimates, main and supplementary, are \$41,239,368, but from this must also be deducted \$685,576, for Yukon administration, \$760,000 for rental and operating expenses of the I.C.R., extension, \$250,000 cost of taking the Prohibition plebs

cite, \$180,000 for the new steamer added to the P.E.I. service, and \$336,375 arrears payable to Manitoba, a total of \$2,112,151, which leaves the total estimates for ordinary services \$39,122,237, as against Mr. Foster's estimate of in 1895-96 of \$41,930,237, a balance in favor of the present Government of nearly \$3,000,000.

A CONFUSION OF ACCOUNTS

But the ex minister of finance was not content with comparing the manipulated and partial expenditure of 1895-96 with the full and total estimates of the current year and, trusting to the superficial examination of the general reader making statements thereon which were totally void of accuracy. He goes further and adding income and capital charges together arrives at a total of \$49,500,000 which he has the audacity to assert is to be the expenditure for the same services that in 1895-96 cost but \$36,949,142.

The Liberal party out of the power declared that the cost of Government was to high, the Liberal party in power still declares that the public expenditure is more than it should be, but they now realize more thoroughly than they did in Opposition that it is more than any Government can do in one or two years to reduce to a proper basis the expenditure accumulated during 18 years of heedless and headlong extravagance. Let any fair minded elector of either political school go carefully over the expenditure in detail and place his finger on any item he considers too high and he will do more than Mr. Foster and the whole Conservative Opposition did in the twenty seven days the House spent in Supply, for beyond an odd item here and there of small amount, no detail of the estimates was challenged.

THE WORK OF TWO SHORT YEARS.

On the other hand, the Government can show results for the expenditure, which they need not be ashamed of. The agricultural interests of the country are being liberally fostered. Immigration is developing as it never has before; The Militia is being nurtured and placed upon an efficient basis; The Crows Nest Railway is opening up the rich resources of the Kootenay; The magnificent mineral heritage in the Yukon and elsewhere is being made available; The Intercolonial Railway is being put into condition that will make it a profit instead of the loss to the country that it always has been; The canals of the St. Lawrence are being deepened and Montreal Harbor made into a formidable rival with New York. The will of the people is to be ascertained through the prohibition plebiscite; The judges are to be paid salaries more in keeping with their position and work and the rapid progress which our Dominion is making in every direction is being assisted and taken advantage of for the general welfare wherever necessary or possible. Is not this a record that would even justify some increase in national expenditure? To which of these items no critics of the Government take exception? Instead of talking in an airy and in definite way of extravagance and increased expenditure, let them get down to business and object to something definite and tangible. Let them do this, or else drop this captious criticism, which may catch a few but can have little effect upon the intelligent and observant public—let them in fact act the better part of loyal Canadians, rejoicing in the splendid development of our common country and anxious to aid her rulers in making it the country of all others that will attract the teeming millions of older lands seeking homes and prosperity.



There are weeds in everybody's garden, and no garden was ever planted in which weeds did not insensibly present themselves. They come without invitation and without a welcome. If you recognize them as weeds, and if you have sense enough to know that weeds choke flowers, and pull the weeds up, root and branch, you will save the flowers.

There are weeds in the health garden of many a man and woman. The doctors call them disease germs. If you have sense enough to distinguish them from the flowers of health, and root them out, you will be robust, healthy and happy. The most dangerous of all the weeds in the flower garden of health is that deadly creeper consumption.

There has never been but one medicine that would choke out this weed, root and all. That medicine is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It acts directly on the lungs through the blood, driving out all impurities and disease germs, and building up new and healthy tissue. It restores the lost appetite, makes digestion and assimilation perfect, invigorates the liver, purifies the blood and fills it with the life-giving elements of the food and tones and builds up the nerves. It sustains the action of the heart and deepens the breathing, supplying the blood with life-giving oxygen. Medicine dealers sell it.

"A doctor, who is considered an expert on lung troubles, told me I had consumption and could not live long," writes Mrs. James Gaisford, 37 Mary Street, Hamilton, Ont., Can. "Three bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cured me completely."

Free. Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. Send 31 one-cent stamps to cover postage and mailing only for paper-bound copy. Cloth-bound 50 cents. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

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Having secured the Agency for the McCormick Manufacturing Co. I hereby announce that I am now ready to supply all implements required on a farm. The McCormick Implements have a reputation of their own in this country, giving entire satisfaction wherever they are in use. All kinds of repairing on short-notice. A carload of lumber wagons just arrived for the spring trade. When purchasing a buggy don't forget to inspect our stock.

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time is here and if you require any....

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For anything in this line, if you should consult the undersigned, you will find that they are prepared to give attention to all work entrusted to them. Good workman-ship at moderate charges.

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The Children's Column.

VACATION.

- V—Voices are calling the children to-day,
Hark, let us listen to hear what they say.
- A—A robin pipes clear on the top of a tree,
"Come out, little children, be happy with me."
- C—Clearly the south wind is whispering now,
"Come out," it is saying from each forest bow.
- A—A butterfly skims through the soft summer air,
And bids us to follow his wings flashing fair.
- T—Tinkling and rippling o'er pebbly bed,
"Come, dance to my music," the little brook said.
- I—In meadow and valley, with dainty perfume,
The blossoms are saying, "Come out where there's room."
- O—Oh, wild bees, we listen to hear your glad hum,
We know you are bidding the children to come.
- N—Now woodland and hilltop, and mountains and sea,
Unite in glad chorus, the children are free.

—Mattie J. Hawkins, in "Primary Education."

VACATION.

"Harrah for the school boy's happy lot
And the school girl's sunny hours,
For the holidays that fill with praise
This happy land of ours."

School is over. Vacation is here. Oh how many sighs of relief are uttered! Tired teachers! Tired children! And, by the way, there soon be tired mothers wishing school would open again? Isn't it nice to think that there will be no "quarter bell" to hurry you off to school! Poor old bell! I think it will be glad to have a rest too. It deserves one I am sure—perhaps more than some boys and girls do, who are not so faithful or punctual.

To the children who have worked hard and faithfully all the year, vacation will be the most welcome—will bring the most happiness. They will enjoy their play-time, happy in the feeling that they have earned it.

"That alone is happy fun
Which comes after work well done."

I have often noticed that the best workers are the best players also, when the proper time comes. There is a time for work, you know, and a time for play. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Now we don't want Jack to be a dull boy or Jennie to be a dull girl. So Jack and Jennie just play away for six weeks and have all the fun you can.

What did you do with your school books? Did you put them on the highest shelf, vowing you would not look at one till school time came again? I think that is the way I used to do. Let me tell you about another kind of book which I am sure you would all enjoy studying even in vacation. It is so large that if you were to read it for a whole lifetime you would only know a little of it. It has the most beautiful pictures that ever were made. They are all done in colors too—colors which the best painters have never succeeded in copying. It is full of stories, the very best kind of ones. Wouldn't you like to know about the book—the title of it, the name of the writer, where you can get it and how much you have to pay?

Well I will tell you. It is the book of nature. Its writer is God. You do not have to pay money for it. Could the painted picture of any flower be so beautiful as the flower itself? Or could that of an animal interest you as does the living, moving creature? Every little pond of water contains creatures whose habits you will find most interesting if you just take the trouble to watch them. Did you ever watch the frog's eggs from the time they are deposited in the water until a full grown frog is produced? If you do not know this story just try to read it in some pond. You will find it if you are a good reader.

While you are reading the story of the frog, you will no doubt see the whirledges and skippers flying over the water on their roller skates—the beautiful dragon flies after our enemy the mosquito, and you may read their stories too.

I could not begin to tell you all the wonderful things in this book. Just read for yourself. It will make you wiser, it will make you happier, it will make you better. What can be better than to grow wise, happy and good?

PILES CURED IN 3 TO 5 NIGHTS

Piles, whether itching, blind or bleeding, are relieved by one application of
Dr. Agnew's Ointment
35 CENTS.

And cured in 3 to 5 nights.
Dr. M. Barkman, Birmingham, N.Y., writes: Send me 12 doses more of Agnew's Ointment. I prescribe large quantities of it. It is a wonder worker in skin diseases and a great cure for piles.—23.

SOLD BY W. W. BOLE.

THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING

What do the robins whisper about
From their homes in the elms and birches?
I've tried to study the riddle out,
But still in my mind is many a doubt,
In spite of deep researches.

While over the world is silence deep,
In the twilight of early dawning,
They begin to chirp and twitter and peep,
As if they were talking in their sleep,
At three o'clock in the morning.

Perhaps the little ones stir and complain
That it is time to be up and doing;
And the mother-bird sings a drowsy strain
To coax them back to their dreams again,
Though distant cocks are crowing.

Or do they tell secrets that should not be heard
By mortals listening and prying?
Perhaps we might learn from some whispering word
The best way to bring up a little bird—
Or the wonderful art of flying.

It may be they speak of an autumn day,
When, with many a feathered roamer,
Under the clouds so cold and gray,
Over the hill they take their way,
In search of the vanished summer.

It may be they gossip from nest to nest,
Hidden and leaf-enfolded;
For do we not often hear it confessed,
When a long kept secret at last is guessed,
That "a little bird has told it"?

Perhaps—the question is wrapped in doubt,
They give me no hint or warning,
Listen, and tell me if you find out
What do the robins talk about
At three o'clock in the morning.

—R. S. Palfrey.

SUMMER.

"The summer is the noontide bright."
We know that the sun and rain woke up the plants in the spring.
When the spring is gone summer comes.
It is like noon.

It is the hottest part of the year.
What must plants do now?
Why, they must work during the day,
Just as we do.

Do you know what they do?
They make seeds. In every seed they put a baby plant like themselves.
Every kind of plant must do this.
It is so much work that it takes all summer to get it done.

The sun helps: the rain helps.
Every part of the plant does something.
Some day we shall learn how they all help.

Summer is the hard working part of the year for plants.
Some plants get their work done early.
Some must work on till fall.

They are very much like people.
Some people must work all day till evening.

A SUMMER LULLABY.

The sun has gone from the shining skies:
Bye, baby, bye,
The dandelions have closed their eyes:
Bye, baby, bye,
And the stars are lighting their lamps to see

If the babies and squirrels and birds, all three,
Are sound asleep as they ought to be.
Bye, baby, bye.

The squirrel is dressed in a coat of grey:
Bye, baby, bye,
He wears it by night as well as by day:
Bye, baby, bye.

The robin sleeps in its feathers and down,
With the warm red breast and the wings of brown:
But the baby wears a little white gown.
Bye, baby, bye.

The squirrel's nest is a hole in a tree:
Bye, baby, bye,
And there he sleeps as snug as can be:
Bye, baby, bye.

The robin's nest is high overhead,
Where the leafy boughs of the maple spread,
Aut the baby's nest is a little white bed.
Bye, baby, bye.

E. S. Bumstead—St. Nicholas.

For Adoption.

Owing to the death of his wife Mr. Robt. Smythe of Moose Jaw, desires to find a suitable home for his 4 year old son. For further Particulars Apply to Rev. J. C. Cameron, Moose Jaw.

WAGHORN'S GUIDE TO TRAVEL AND BUSINESS 50c yd

MR. BULYEA'S TRIP.

Representative of the North-West Government at Dawson—Will Probably Return by Way of Pelly River

In a letter to the Indian Head *Fidette* from Dawson City, dated April 21st, Mr. G. H. V. Bulyea, M. L. A., writes as follows:

"I expect to be back early in the summer. I am making enquiries as to the possibility of going up the Pelly river and thence overland to Edmonton. Old guides assure me that the trip can be made in remarkable time, and if I am satisfied that it can, I will undertake the trip so that I can lay before the Assembly definite information concerning a route which, if opened, would be of immense value to the Assiniboian farmers and Alberta ranchers. I can't say that the trip is any more inviting than the one just completed, but I imagine that it would be certainly interesting and the information gained would be important, whether favorable or otherwise."

In another paragraph, Mr. Bulyea says: "The town is fairly orderly, although all the hangers-on of a mining town are here. They have, however, a magnificent awe of Canadian justice, and the American anarchist on his own side of the line is held in check here without trouble. I have never seen a man carrying a pistol or a knife, nor have I heard an angry word since I arrived here. Times appear to be lively, but a boom is expected as soon as the gold is washed up. This will be finished about the middle of June, and I candidly think that the world will be surprised at the gold output of Dawson region. El Dorado and Bonanza are the creeks that are extensively worked but as other creeks are prospected they are turning out A. I. Dominion Creek, discovered last year, is considered by local men to be as valuable as any of the old creeks, and claims are held very nearly as high. Sulphur, All Gold and a dozen others are splendid prospects and very valuable. In the Bench claims, gold is found in chunks away up in the top of the mountain, a fact that surprises the knowing mineralogists. Gold is found in the most unlikely places."

"There is plenty of food now at Dawson. The scarcity arose because a certain clique endeavored to corner the food supply and trade on the needs of their fellows. They succeeded for a time, but the supply was bigger than the demand, and now you can buy provision very reasonably. In many lines, however, in which there is an actual scarcity, the prices are fancy. Butter is \$8 for a tin of two pounds; condensed milk is \$2 a can; sugar, \$1 a pound, and so on. Lumber is \$300 a thousand feet here. And delivered at the mines for sluice boxes it costs \$1 a foot. A man brought ten kegs of nails from Fort Yukon a few days ago and refused a cash offer for the lot of \$4,500. He asked and got \$5 a pound. Wages run from \$15 to \$25 according to the skill required. It is the blacksmiths and tin-smiths, however, who are making the harvest. One man was shrewd enough last fall to secure all the stock of iron in town. He is not doing a thing with the boys now. A man showed me an iron bolt he had got fixed the other day. It was a half inch bolt and the bolt had broken off at the nut. All that was required was a half inch splice, a new thread and new nut. He had to pay one ounce of gold, current at \$17. Diminutive bolt sleighs for hauling lumber were ironed by him at a cost of \$175 per set. A broom costs \$17, and a turkey offered for sale a few weeks ago brought \$150. Meals at the restaurants are \$2.50 and were \$4.50 five weeks ago."

Modern Treatment of Consumption

The latest work on the treatment of diseases, written by forty eminent American physicians, says: "Cod-liver oil has done more for the consumptive than all other remedies put together." It also says: "The hypophosphites of lime and soda are regarded by many English observers as specifics for consumption."

Scott's Emulsion

contains the best cod-liver oil in a partially digested form, combined with the Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. This remedy, a standard for a quarter of a century, is in exact accord with the latest views of the medical profession. Be sure you get SCOTT'S Emulsion.

All druggists; 50c and \$1.00. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

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FARM WITH M'DONALD'S WEED DESTROYER AND CULTIVATOR

A large number used them last year and they are more than pleased with the result. Call and inspect our 1898 machine.

J. A. McDonald.

High St., Moose Jaw.

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J. W. Ferguson.

H. McDOUGALL

Dealer in.....

Lumber and Building Material...

Moose Jaw, 1st May, 1897.

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who a few years ago boasted to his friends of the high prices he paid his tailor, has seen the error of his way and now delights in showing how well he can dress upon half the amount he used to spend. He is able to get

Shorey's Ready to Wear Clothing

in every Fabric, Style and Trimming that the, so called, swell tailor gave him, but costing very much less because tailored in advance of his order. In quality, make, finish and fashion just as good. In short, everything the same but the price.

In the pocket he finds Shorey's Guarantee Card which means that if his clothes are not satisfactory in every way he may have his money refunded!

Sold Only by M. J. MacLeod.

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Five per cent. interest allowed on Deposit accounts. Current accounts conducted on favorable terms. Collections solicited. Prompt returns. Drafts and Cheques bought and sold. Correspondents:—Bank of Montreal.



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NE.....	18	16	25	"
SE.....	32	17	25	"
NW.....	36	16	25	"
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Passengers ticketed through to all points in Great Britain and Ireland and at special low rates to all parts of the European continent. Prepaid passage arranged from all points.

W. C. Gordon, Agent, Moose Jaw.

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THE MOOSE JAW TIMES.

MOOSE JAW, N.W.T.

TROOPS SAIL FOR CUBA.

FIRST DIVISION OF THE U. S. ARMY LEAVE KEY WEST.

Story of the Fight at the Harbor of Guantanamo—Several American Marines Injured and Many Spaniards Wounded.

Under command of Major-General Shafter, the first division of the United States army from Key West has sailed for Santiago to besiege and capture the town. The transports, thirty in number are under the command of between sixteen and nineteen warships. With this powerful force there is no longer reason for apprehension that the transports can be attacked successfully by any Spanish warships, even if such should have escaped the vigilant search of the naval commanders at Key West and off Havana. It is believed that the rally out of Havana of the three Spanish gunboats was intended to create the impression that they were prepared to go out to attack the transports. If so, the plan miscarried, for the craft were detected by Commodore Watson's cruisers and driven back pell mell into Havana harbor under the protection of the guns of the shore batteries. Even if these boats had escaped they could have done no damage for the size of the transport fleet. The troops are sufficient to warrant the belief that they would have been speedily destroyed should they have had the courage to make an attack upon the fleet of the United States ships. The Spanish gunboats are not of a formidable character, not one of them being the equal in power of the smallest of the United States cruisers or even of such gunboats as the little Bancroft, which may be used as General Shafter's flagship. Every precaution has been taken by the government to secure the safety of the troops en route to Cuba.

The following account is given of the fighting between the United States marines who were landed to guard the cable station at the entrance to the outer harbor of Guantanamo, who were engaged in beating off a rush attack by Spanish guerrillas and regulars.

The engagement began with desultory firing at the piers, a thousand yards inland from the camp. Capt. Spicer's company was doing guard duty and was driven in, finally rallying on the camp and repulsing the enemy. The bodies of Privates McColligan and Dunphy were found both shot in the head. The large cavities caused by the bullets, which inside a range of 50 yards have a rotary motion, indicate that the victims were killed at close range. The bodies were stripped of shoes and cartridge belts and horribly mutilated with machettes. The sky was blanketed with clouds, and when the sun set again was blowing seaward, night fell, thick and impenetrable. The Spanish squads concealed in the chappard cover had the advantage, the United States forces on the ridge furnishing line targets against the sky and the white tents. The Spaniards fought from cover till midnight, discoverable only by flashes at which the marines fired volleys. The machine gun, a Colt machine gun in her bow, pushing up the bay, enfilading the Spaniards, and it is thought that some were killed.

Three new twelve pound field guns which could not be used during the night for fear of hitting the marines, shelled several squads of Spaniards after daylight. They drove into the bushes like prairie dogs into burrows as the shells broke over them.

The ships threw their searchlights ashore, the powerful electric eyes sweeping the deep trophic foliage and exposing occasionally skulking parties of Spaniards. Each discovery of the enemy was greeted by the crackle of carbines along the edge of the camp ridge or by the long roll of the launch's machine gun, searching the thickets with leaden stream. Shortly after midnight came the main attack. The Spaniards came a gallant charge up the southwest slope, but were met by repeated volleys from the main body and broke before they were a third of the way up the hill, but they came so close at points that there was almost a hand to hand struggle. The officers used their revolvers. Three Spaniards got through the open formation on to the edge of the camp. Colonel Jose Campina, the Cuban guide, discharged his revolver, and they turning and finding themselves without support, ran helter skelter down the reverse side of the hill. It was during this assault that Assistant Surgeon Gibbs was killed. He was shot in the head in front of his own tent, the farthest point of attack. The surgeons of the hospital corps then removed their quarters to the trenches about the old Spanish stockade north of the camp. The attacks were continued at intervals throughout the night with firing from small squads in various directions. Towards morning the fire slackened. Dawn is the favorite time for attack and as the east paled, the marines, lying on their guns, were aroused. Some were actually asleep, as they have had no rest for forty-eight hours, and tired nature could no longer stand the strain. But no attack came.

Estimates vary as to the attacking force. Some say 200, and the figures run as high as 1,000. Colonel Campina, the Cuban guide, says the Spaniards were mostly irregulars; but the reports of the discharge of Mauser rifles indicate that they were regulars, as most of the guerrillas carry Remingtons. The Cuban guerrillas, as a rule, have more dash and courage than the regulars.

The Lee guns caused several accidents. In drawing cartridges Corporal Glass shattered his hand. Despite the loss of the men, which is greatly regretted, the marines rejoice that they have been engaged in their first fight on Cuban soil.

When the Associated Press dispatch boat Dauntless left Guantanamo Bay early in the morning, after the thirteen hours' skirmish between the United States marines under Lieut. Col. Huntington and the Spanish guerrillas, it was expected that the fighting would be renewed. The Marblehead was landing reinforcements, and nothing had been heard from the advance pickets under Lieut. Shaw. At nine o'clock the firing was again renewed by the Spaniards, who appeared off the camp on the edge of a small island about a mile to the northeast. It was promptly returned by thirteen rifles and a three inch field gun, and in a short time all signs of the enemy had disappeared. Col. Huntington then sent to the landing for a second three inch gun, which was dragged up the hill and placed in a position at the summit. The skirmish lines thrown around the camp kept up a popping all the morning, but with not much result. Meanwhile the Marblehead left the harbor and threw a few shells into the woods.

To the great delight of the marines in camp, Lieutenants Neville and Shaw, with thirty men of Company D, returned in good shape, but much exhausted by eighteen hours of picket duty. One man, Sergeant Smith, of Company K, had been shot through the abdomen and instantly killed. During most of the day and night Lieutenants Neville and Shaw had been surrounded by a much superior force, but men and officers behaved splendidly, and although the firing of the Spaniards was constant and heavy, Lieutenant Neville's detachment held its own, inflicting much more loss than it sustained. At least five Spaniards are known to have been killed, and as Lieutenant Neville's men kept up a steady fire throughout the night and the enemy was not at a great distance, it is believed that the Spanish casualties were heavy.

The battleship Texas arrived in the morning and sent ashore forty marines and two automatic Colt guns as reinforcements. The Marblehead also sent an additional small detachment. Private Bartholomew McCowan, of Company D, will lose his hand, which was shattered by a Mauser bullet. Amputation will be necessary. The Marblehead's pilot, who was shot through the leg while guiding the cruiser out of the harbor this morning, holds the rank of a colonel in the Cuban service.

The first army of invasion of Cuba is now well on its way, thirty-two transport steamers, bearing 15,000 officers and men conveyed by battleships, cruisers, gunboats and auxiliary craft, sixteen in number, having actually sailed from Key West at daylight. An authoritative statement to this effect was made at the war department, setting at rest all reports that the expedition was on its way or had landed last week. The authorities made the announcement for the reason that the time for secrecy is now past, as the scout boats made sure that the path was clear before it, and no possible menace could come from the Spanish ships or troops, even should the enemy know that our forces were now advancing.

In a few days at the latest the transports will be off Santiago and a large United States army will make its landing on Cuban soil. Admiral Sampson has cleared the bay for this undertaking and little danger is apprehended in going ashore. It will be after that when the advance is made, that the actual dramatic developments may be expected. The point of landing has been so chosen that there is little danger of an interruption from the Spanish forces, but should they attempt to make trouble Admiral Sampson's ships will insure ample protection until the troops can care for themselves.

ELECTRIC SHOCKS FROM HAIR.

A London Barber's Explanation of His Manipulation of a Machine Brush. An American who went into a London hairdressing saloon recently was interested in the way the barber was manipulating the machine brush. He was holding it so that as the drum revolved the bristles kept brushing the finger tips of his right hand. The American asked him, "Why do you keep your fingers on the bristles? Surely it must make the tips sore." The barber replied: "Well, sir, it's like this: It ain't to soften the bristles; no need for that, seen we have three kinds—hard, medium and soft—to suit all heads. It came about like this: One of the men we had here was a funny kind of chap, and when some of us were complaining about how tired a long day's work made us he told us about this dodge and declared we could keep our selves up to the scratch by it. He said it was a way to get a natural electric shock. Of course we all laughed at him, but one after another we tried it on and found it acted. It's wonderful what a lot of electricity some people have in their heads, especially those that have thick hair. It varies, of course, and I should not like to lay down any 'hard and fast rule, but as far as my experience goes the dark bluish black seems to give out the most, though the very light flaxen runs the black close. Now, when you consider what a lot of men come here to 'ave their hair cut, you can easily understand that we hairdressers get a good deal of free electricity every day. It's very rare that the current is what you could call strong, but occasionally I've had some 'cads to do when I've really 'ad to take my fingers off of the bristles. As a rule it's just a pleasant kind of a prickle that you can feel running out of the bristles into your fingers and then down your side and sometimes right down to your foot. It has a wonderful bracing effect, so that sometimes at 6 o'clock I'll feel better and briskeer than when I started work in the morning. Spread the current! Oh, yes, sir, easily by using first one hand and then the other as the conductor."—Exchange.

Shall Get Them Anyway.

"Do you take any stock in any of these woman's rights movements?" "Well, I think the wisest and safest course for man is to concede to woman every right that she really wants."

"But what does she really want?" "Ah, now you have got down to the real problem."

And so saying the wise man showed his wisdom by making a quiet sneak, for there are some things that are beyond the ken of man.—Chicago Post.

Wrecked by Doubt.

"I must confess," remarked Miss Cayenne, "that I do not like to be addressed in poetical language."

"I am sorry that I ever made the attempt," replied Willie Washington. "I hope I have not offended."

"No; but since you said I had a shell, like our I have never been certain that you mightn't have had a saddle rock in mind."

Unsatisfactory Settlement. Tradesman—Did you see Weeks again about that bill? Collector—Yes, and he said he'd never able to pay it. Tradesman—That settles it.

WEAK, NERVOUS WOMEN

Suffering from palpitation of the heart, dizzy or faint spells, watery blood, etc., can be readily cured.

A Manitoba Lady Tells About Her Case.

There is no need whatever for so many women to be the subject of faint spells, heart and nerve weakness, anemia, or any of those health destroying ailments peculiar to her sex. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills regulate the heart beat and make it strong and full, tone the nerves, enrich the blood, and relieve the pain and weakness from which so many women suffer.

Mrs. Alexander, of Igeon, Bluff, Manitoba, writes an account of her case as follows: "I have great pleasure in giving my experience of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. For about ten years I was troubled with throbbing and fluttering of the heart. I tried five doctors and several remedies but none of them did me much good. Lately I heard of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills and bought two boxes. Before I started using them I could not do my house work and gave myself up to die, as I thought I would never be cured. Now I feel really splendid since taking the pills, do my work, enjoy my meals and feel as if there was something in life worth living for."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, sold by all druggists at 50c. a box or 3 boxes for \$1.25. T. Milburn & Co., Toronto, Ont.

Laxa-Liver Pills cure Biliousness, Sick Headaches, Constipation, and Dyspepsia. Every Pill Perfect. Price 25c.

Choosing Good Mutton. There is no more nutritious and healthful meat than young, healthy mutton well cooked. Mutton, like all meat, is tough when first killed and should be hung long enough to grow tender. Good mutton should have an abundance of firm, white fat, but not an overfat appearance. Sheep off the great ranges have dark colored meat like that of wild animals, while those who do less running have meat of a lighter color.—May Woman's Home Companion.

Entitled to a Rebate. "Yes, you have cured my rheumatic foot, doctor, but I think you ought to throw off about \$4 from this bill."

"Because you have robbed me of my best brometer."

Pat's Little Joke. Mike—Phwat wages do you be gettin now, Pat? Pat—One hundred dollars. Mike—Phwat? One hundred a month? Pat—One hundred dollars for one hundred days!—New York Weekly.

Not to Be Deceived. "What kind yew a cannon dew yew call this one, Reub?" "That's a 12 pounder, father."

"Don't try to poke fun at yer father, boy. That thar cannon weighs a ton or I'm a liar."—New York Truth.

Broaching the Admiral. An East India governor having died abroad, his body was put in a casket and served it for interment in England. A sailor on board the ship being frequently drunk, the captain forbade the purser, and indeed all in the ship, to let him have any liquor. Shortly after the fellow appeared very drunk. How he obtained the liquor no one could guess. The captain resolved to find out, promising to forgive him if he would tell from whom he got the liquor. After some hesitation he hiccupped out, "Why, please your honor, I tapped the governor."—Mark Lemon's "Jest Book."

To Clean a Looking Glass. Keep for this purpose a piece of sponge, a cloth and a silk handkerchief entirely free from dirt, as the least grit will scratch the fine surface of the glass. First sponge it with a little spirits of wine and gin and water, so as to clean off all spots; then tie powder blue in a basin and rub the cloth lightly and quickly with the cloth. Finish by rubbing with the silk handkerchief. Be careful not to rub the edges of the frame.

There are no undertakers in Japan. When a person dies, it is the custom for his nearest relatives to put him into a coffin and bury him, and the mourning does not begin until after burial.

AT NIGHT. Mamma, at night, puts out my light day. Little children in the night. Then dreadful things, with peaked wings. Go sailing round my head.

I can copy a horrid eye. That looks right through the sheet. Mamma tells me I only see The lamp upon the street.

She says that guardian angels, fair, With little children stay. But when her step dies on the stair I hear them go away.

So if God means to be so good To little children in the night I wish he'd leave—of course he could— My own mamma and light. —Mary Baldwin in Chap Book.

One Word. A certain irrepressible hero had a formula which he always used when it was sought to put him off and spare the objects of his attentions the trouble of an interview with him: "But I assure you I want but one word with him—only one word!"

He called once on a celebrated lawyer. The lawyer's clerk met him very solemnly with the remark: "Why, haven't you heard? Mr. B. died last night."

He had scarcely got the words out when the applicant was saying conciliatingly: "But I assure you I want but one word with him—only one word!"—Youth's Companion.

W. N. U 172

MINARD'S LINIMENT

By trying all the just as good articles. Buy the tea which is GUARANTEED.

Many a club's cause scolding wives and some scolding wives cause clubs.

Many a boy who runs away to join a circus is only too glad to walk back home again.

The Sisters of Charity, "Grey Nuns," Guy street, Montreal, write:—"Having made use of your 'Quickeure' in our establishment, we are happy to add our testimony, also in its favor."

When the acts are long drawn out it's quite a distance between drinks.

Much of the experience a man gets comes too late to benefit him.

Minard's Liniment the best hair restorer.

To the victors belongs the privilege of fighting over the spoils.

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

Down in front—a young man's first attempt at mustache culture.

Minard's Liniment is the best.

No person enjoys drinking in a conversation of the extra dry brand.

Minard's Liniment Cures LaGrippe.

The first thing a man does after making a fool of himself is to try to explain how it happened.

"Quickeure" removes all pain, and reduces all inflammation. Its effect is wonderful.

USE ROYAL CROWN LYE. POWDERED ROYAL CROWN LYE. WARRANTED THE BEST. THE ROYAL CROWN SOAP CO. WINNIPEG, MAN.

ANTISEPTIC SPRUCE ... FIBREWARE

The perishable made imperishable. The expense of packing transformed from an obstacle to a trifle. These small tins of from 3 to 12 lbs. capacity, keep Butter, Lard, Mince Meat, etc., sweet and pure an indefinite length of time. They resist corrosion and decay, and guard their contents from all contamination. No danger of evil effects attending tin-lined goods. Get samples and prices.

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LAKE WINNIPEG EXCURSIONS. Via—"The Premier," "City of Selkirk," "Lady of the Lake."

\$13.50 for a round trip on either the Premier or City of Selkirk, to Grand Rapids and return.

This includes railway fare to Selkirk, meals and berth on the steamer and a sail of over 500 miles. See sailing dates in the "Free Press," "Lady of the Lake" runs to George's Island, a sail of 500 miles, with every accommodation, on Tuesday and Friday afternoon. Reduced rates from any point on C.P.R. Send three-cent stamp for illustrated pamphlet.

W.M. CRANSTON, Gen. Agent. 480 Main Street, Winnipeg.

Backache

THE BANE OF MANY A WOMAN'S LIFE.

A Berlin Lady Tells How to Get Rid of It.

Doan's Kidney Pills

The Remedy.

Mrs. Eliza Reitz, 33 Wellington St., Berlin, Ont., says, "For ten years I have been suffering with kidney and back trouble, afflicted greatly from dizziness, nervousness, weak eyesight, loss of sleep, and appetite, and an almost constant dread, weak feeling. In February last I got a box of Doan's Kidney Pills and received so much benefit from them that I continued their use until I had taken three boxes in all, and was completely cured. They removed every vestige of pain, dizziness and nervousness, and enabled me to get restful sleep; so that from being a sick woman I am now strong and well again."

Doan's Kidney Pills are the best remedy in the world for Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Dropsy, Backache, Gravel, sediment in the Urine, and all Kidney and Bladder Diseases. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price, 50 cents a box or 3 boxes for \$1.50. The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

W. N. U 172

To CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 2c.

DON'T BUY EXPERIENCE

By trying all the just as good articles. Buy the tea which is GUARANTEED.

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Man Drowning in the River without hope, was saved by a bar of ..Richards' Pure Soap.. IT'S THE BEST. —IT WASHED HIM ASHORE. Be sure you get RICHARDS'. Sold by all grocers, or write D. Richards, Woodstock, Ontario, giving your full address, and I will return you FREE an Illustrated Book.

BABy's OWN SOAP I Must have the genuine, The imitations look very nice, but they hurt my delicate SKIN. THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO.

When appearance is a consideration! SHOREY'S Ready to Wear Clothing becomes a necessity. Who can afford to ignore his personal appearance? A large manufacturer who studies the want of the people, and whose business depends upon supplying those wants, will give better results than a tailor whose opportunities are limited and trade local. If your local dealer does not keep more enterprising merchant elsewhere. See that Shorey's Guarantee Card is in the pocket of each garment.

THE BEST MATCHMAKER.

CHAPTER IX. Continued.

At that moment the unfortunate baronet was far from thinking anything at all about the various incidents of the War of Secession then waging in the United States. His only thought was that Mademoiselle Blandureau was the most beautiful woman in the world. However, he must give her father some answer or other, and he embarked on generalities for a full quarter of an hour.

"That day which had begun so happily for Sir James was alas, destined to terminate most mournfully. In the morning Aurelie had tacitly confessed her love for him, and in the evening he learned from M. Blandureau's own lips that she was already engaged, and would be Hector's wife before a month was over. The reticent merchant mentioned the fact in a casual way, and noticing the baronet's surprise, not to say dismay, expressed his wonder that M. Malet had not acquainted him with his betrothal by the circumstances before."

"Is it possible?" groaned Sir James. "Is it possible?"

"Dear me!" exclaimed M. Blandureau, at a loss to explain his guest's sudden color and emotion. "What is the matter, my lord?"

"Oh, suffer, replied the baronet; I suffer dreadfully."

And rising from his seat he withdrew without uttering a word. Mademoiselle plainly shared his emotion.

He returned home in a dreadful state of mind. All his usual tranquillity was gone, and he tossed up and down in his room, gesticulating furiously and talking to himself about:

"I am decidedly cursed," he groaned. "I have broken my word as a gentleman. I have forgotten Mademoiselle d'Amblesbury, and my promise to marry her."

And he gave a sigh. "I have given my heart to the girl, who was to marry my friend, and I have in France. I shall appear a traitor in his eyes, and yes, I am a vile, contemptible being."

At first he thought of writing to Hector and confessing his involuntary crime, but on reflection another idea occurred to him. What was he doing so readily explain, but he repeatedly murmured: "Yes, that is my only course, my only chance left."

And on the morrow he returned to Ville d'Avray, as if nothing whatever had occurred. Then, however, he was less a frightened exile. In the society of Mademoiselle Aurelie he was transported to the seventh heaven; but as soon as he found himself alone again, he was plunged, as it were down into the bottomless pit.

CHAPTER X.

Before long M. Blandureau began to notice that something was going on.

Hitherto he had ascribed Sir James' daily visits to the charming girl to a delightful conversation, and the thought that the baronet might also come for his daughter's sake, and his self-esteem. Of course he would have been delighted to have been able to marry Aurelie to the nephew of an English peer, but then there was his secret engagement with Hector, and so he thought it best to hasten the projected wedding and acquaint his chosen son-in-law with his suspicions.

Hector, however, had already serious suspicions of his own. One day while he was at Ville d'Avray, where he came less frequently than ever, he espied an English grammar and a pocket dictionary lying on a table. Their presence there had a very significant meaning, and in examining them he ascertained that the leaves were out and they had evidently been used, for a number of pencil marks figured on the margins of the pages.

"Oh, oh!" thought Hector. "Mademoiselle Aurelie is far too sensible to try and learn English without a master, so I suppose that my friend James is acting in that capacity. Well I can only hope that she will soon be able to talk as fluently as a Lancashire housewife, and then I shall be able to get the marriage over as soon as possible."

"After all, who will know it in England?"

One morning a few days later Hector was engaged at his toilet when a servant of the hotel he was staying at in Paris announced the arrival of a visitor.

"Let him come in," said Hector, feeling convinced that it was Ferdinand, whom he was hourly expecting.

But in lieu of M. Aubanel, it was Sir James who crossed the threshold, looking extremely grave and pale, and carrying in one hand a little mahogany box, which he carefully laid on the table.

"I have to speak to you on serious matters," he said to Hector. "Are you sure you can overbear us?"

"Oh, quite sure," replied Hector, whom this strange preamble greatly surprised.

However, the Englishman went on, and the door and made as if it was properly closed. Then returning to his friend he said:

"I have come to tell you that I am a guilty scoundrel, quite undeserving of your friendship. I deceive myself, and my own conscience reproaches me quite as much as you could do. I was engaged to a young girl, I have jilted her, and yesterday I had to write and confess to her mother that I was a perjured villain."

Today I have come to tell you that I have deceived you in the most infamous style, for I have robbed you of the heart of the girl you were going to marry. I love Aurelie, and she loves me, and her father has, moreover, promised me her hand."

"Oh, you are the best and worthiest of men," interrupted Hector, pressing the baronet to his heart. "If you ever need a safe friend, count on me. What can I do for you? Do you want all my fortune?"

"Sir James fancied that Hector was losing his mind and his reason became yet more acute.

"Return to yourself," he said; "I have not yet finished. What I am about to propose to you is no doubt not customary in England, but it is customary in France, and in France one must do as the French do. I wish to offer you all the satisfaction a Frenchman could claim. I have here a box of pistols, and only one of the weapons is loaded. You may choose, and—"

"What you want to fight a duel with me?" cried Hector. "And why, pray? Don't put yourself out like that, I wasn't in love with Mademoiselle Aurelie."

"Whether you loved her or not," Sir James replied, "my conduct is none the less perfidious and odious. But I repeat I have pistols here."

"Do you want to make him miserable for life?"

"Do you really think that he loves me, father?"

"If he loves you? Ah! If you had only heard in what a tone he said to me an hour ago I love Mademoiselle Aurelie as if she were my sister."

The young lady could not refrain from laughing.

"And do you think that sufficient?" she asked.

"Why?" replied her father. "I don't mind telling you that I didn't at all love your mother when we married, and yet you know how happy we've been together."

"Perhaps so, father," retorted Mademoiselle Aurelie, "but I don't desire such happiness at any price." And with an air of defiance she added: "Besides, I'm not one of those girls who are forced to marry against their will."

"How dare you?" exclaimed the infuriated merchant. "Well, I swear that the earth shall cease to turn and the sun to shine before I retract my word."

And so saying he left the room, banging the door behind him.

Mademoiselle Aurelie was however, by no means alarmed. She was not going to abandon her hopes so easily, and an hour later Hector received a note from her in which, without giving him any particulars, she appealed to him as a "man of honor" to withdraw from his suit.

Hector could not do this without seeing her and talking with her; and so he immediately hired a vehicle and drove to Ville d'Avray. A fortnight had elapsed since he had last seen Aurelie and in the meanwhile love had so transfused her that she could scarcely be recognized.

No doubt she was still stately, but the marble of her nature was animated as it were, by Cupid's electric spark.

With a modest air she briefly told him the truth, saying that she had written to him because she was sure of Sir James' love. Hector was quite touched by the expression of anguish which her features assumed when in conclusion, she renewed her previous request.

"I will obey you, mademoiselle," he said; "and I hope that in default of winning your love my conduct may make me worthy of your friendship."

And on the spot he asked for a private interview with M. Blandureau.

Under any other circumstances, he would have dreaded the retired merchant's anger, but now he was so joyful that he did not give it a thought.

Point of fact, M. Blandureau received him fairly badly. Although he was inwardly quite as delighted as Hector he thought that honor required him to assume an indignant mien. He expostulated, offered never to receive Sir James in his house again, proposed an increase of dowry, and when he found the young fellow inflexible, he overwhelmed him with reproaches.

"Your worthy father," he said at last "would never have acted like this; but as you positively refuse to marry my daughter, for the honor of your name, you must write and sign me a declaration to that effect."

Hector joyfully did as he was bid; and then after taking leave of M. Blandureau he hurried to the nearest cafe and wrote to Ferdinand Aubanel as follows:

"Everything is arranged. Come to Paris at once. I am waiting for you."

That same evening M. Blandureau gave his consent to his daughter's marriage with Sir James Wellesley, and he predicted of the change to take half a million francs off Aurelie's dowry. It was only then that the baronet learned that his future father-in-law had made his fortune in commercial enterprises, and he had some little difficulty in silencing his aristocratic prejudices. However, he consoled himself by reflecting:

"After all, who will know it in England?"

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"You are mad," retorted Hector, shrugging his shoulders. "What you take Mademoiselle Aurelie away from me, and now you want to fight a duel with me in American style, and perhaps kill me into the bargain!"

Sir James was waxing wrathful.

"It is too late to retreat," he said. "After apologizing to you in the way I've done, I could never support the sight of you afterward. You refuse the reparation I offered, let it be so; but now I demand satisfaction."

The quarrel might have ended in a tragical manner, if at this very moment there had not come a knock at the door. The newcomer was Ferdinand, who, on receiving Hector's note, had hastened to Paris with all possible speed. As soon as the situation was explained to him, he cried and exclaimed: "You know that I speak English like a cockney, so just retire and let me arrange this matter with Sir James Wellesley."

He did know how to arrange matters and no mistake, for as soon as Hector had retreated into his bedroom he blurted out Sir James the whole story of his friend's passion for Louise d'Amblesbury. The baronet's fury knew no bounds.

"I have been tricked," he cried, and he demanded satisfaction in such a haughty, imperious voice that Hector precipitately returned.

Then there was a final explanation, with the result that on the following morning the two adversaries met in the Bois de Vincennes, where Hector gratified Sir James with a pretty little sword thrust in the arm which postponed his marriage for six weeks. The few drops of blood which the baronet lost, served, however, to re-convert their momentarily broken friendship.

CHAPTER XII.

Ferdinand was as proud as the hero of a Roman triumph on the evening, when, after three weeks' absence in Paris, he arrived at La Fresnaye, accompanied by his friend, Hector. They were expected, and the house had quite a festive appearance. Madame Aubanel, who had been apprised by her husband of all that had occurred in Paris, had prepared for Hector the most delightful of all possible surprises. By dint of eloquence she had prevailed on Madame d'Amblesbury to come and dine at La Fresnaye with her daughter. The baroness had tried to resist, but what reason was there to refuse? Sir James had officially acquainted her with the breaking off of his engagement, and she had written to give him back his promise. Thus, when Hector entered the drawing-room that evening the first person he perceived was Louise, and the long look which the two lovers exchanged was quite a poem, expressing as it were all their past anguish and present felicity. Hector had not expected such happiness; he had feared some fresh obstacle, and to avoid falling he had to lean for a moment on his friend's arm. Then bowing respectfully to the baroness, he exclaimed in a voice trembling with emotion:

"I dare to reappear before you, madame, it is because the conditions you specified have been or are being fulfilled."

And at the same time he handed her a folded paper.

This was the circular letter by which M. and Madame Blandureau had the honor of informing their friends and acquaintances of the approaching marriage of their daughter, Mademoiselle Aurelie Blandureau, with Sir James Wellesley.

"Madame d'Amblesbury gave the document a careless glance, for it told her nothing new, and then, turning to her daughter, exclaimed, with an air of affected sadness:

"Well, my poor Louise, here is Sir James Wellesley jilting you for another young lady."

Although for the last fortnight or so, Mademoiselle Louise had been really rejoicing over the baronet's "trason," she now did all she could to look surprised, and, like an artful young girl, she even tried a little bout of vexation, but she was not skilled in the art of dissimulation, and her beaming eyes betrayed the motion of her lips.

"And when is Sir James to be married?" asked the baroness.

"On the third of May," answered Ferdinand. "Thanks to my diplomacy, which rather hastened the wedding than otherwise."

"Well, then," resumed Madame d'Amblesbury, "I think we can make our preparations for the wedding date."

And taking hold of Louise's hand she placed it in Hector's.

M. and Madame Hector Malet now, reside in Touraine, in a pretty house they had built midway between La Fresnaye and the Chateau d'Amblesbury. Hector never returned to Bordeaux, but sold his house there, with all its furniture and appointments. Mademoiselle Aurelie, now Lady Wellesley, reigns at Folliotham Hall, her husband's seat in Lincolnshire, which has been magnificently restored since their marriage.

"Hector," said the Englishman, "you mentioned among the landed gentry and aristocracy of the neighborhood, who did not hesitate to convey the impression that the Blandreaux were allied to the greatest families in France. Worshipped by her husband, whose love she returns, Aurelie is so happy that she has never even wished for the death of that unenviable denizen who made her a peeress; and although both Hector and Sir James have children, you may be certain that they will never seek wives or husbands for them until they reach the proper age for matrimony. As worthy M. Blandureau often remarks:

"Promises of marriage made by parents in reference to their children are bills of exchange drawn on the future, which is the safest of all debtors."

And he might add that chance is and will always remain the most successful matchmaker.

(The end.)

The Cape Town correspondent of the London Daily Mail says: "War between the Transvaal and Swaziland may break out at any moment. The Swazi king has 30,000 warriors, well armed and drilled, and there is much anxiety in the Transvaal."

Before marriage a man declares himself unworthy of his sweetheart's love, and after marriage he spends about two-thirds of his time in proving it.

FRUIT WILL BE PLENTIFUL.

RAILROAD CONSTRUCTION GOING ON AT A LIVELY RATE.

A Young Man Lynched in Kansas—Termination of Revolution in Venezuela—N. W. M. Police Band Will go to Banff.

St. Paul, French-Canadians and Canadians will hold a joint celebration of St. John's Day and Dominion Day on June 23.

The bylaw to grant a bonus of \$25,000 to the C. P. R. company on bringing their repair shops to Calgary was carried by a vote of 15 to 2.

It is said that the N. W. M. P. band at Regina will be sent to Banff next month, where they will stay during the summer. The band will play three times a week at the C. P. R. hotel and at dances during their stay.

The Berlin correspondent of the London Times remarks the fact that "with four warships already at Cavite, and with the Darmstadt on the way with four hundred men, Germany will have a force of 5,000 marines at Manila."

There has been an increase of 100 per cent. of permits, to cut hay, issued by the Provincial government, lands department over last year. The large number of applications are due, it is said, to the shortage of the hay crop this year.

At a meeting of the British Columbia Fruit association in New Westminster, \$300 was appropriated in aid of making exhibitions of fruit at the Industrial exhibition in Winnipeg and shows at other points in the Northwest and Manitoba.

The yellow moccasin flower, or Lady's Slipper, is called, one of Manitoba's few orchids, is already in bloom. Few people are aware that these pretty flowers can be readily transplanted to the gardens where it will thrive and bloom year after year.

Investigation into the murder of Mrs. Desjardins and the wounding of her daughter by the latter's husband, Elcar Mann, at Montreal, took place the other evening, and in a short time a verdict of murder was returned against the prisoner.

A gentleman from Australia who is a large farmer, was a caller at the C. P. R. land office recently and discussed with the officials a proposal to purchase a large tract of land in the Territories on which to start a ranch. He expressed his willingness to stock a ranch with 20,000 head of cattle.

The Canada Northwest Land Company did a large business in May sales of land that month were 15,315 acres for \$2,562, as compared with 3,327 acres in May last year, for which \$19,227 were received. From the first of January to May 31st sales were 29,390 acres for \$156,065, as against 12,751 acres for \$99,855 the corresponding period of last year.

In the public square fronting on the principal business street of Great Bend, Kan., a murderer was lynched the other night by a mob of about five hundred persons. The victim was John Becker, a young white man, who on April 5 killed Myrtle Huffman, the sixteen year old daughter of Wm. Huffman, a farmer living midway between Great Bend and Elliptown.

Information has reached the state department that the revolution which has prevailed in Venezuela for the past six months ended the other night by the defeat and capture of Hernandez, its leader. The people are celebrating the termination of the revolution by public demonstrations. As a result, President Asdrade remains more firmly than ever seated in the executive office in Caracas.

S. T. Wood, of the Toronto Globe staff, is in Manitoba at present. Mr. Wood has been as far as Skagway and Idex, having passed through in March. Since his return from the "gateway to Yukon," he has visited Kootenay, Edmonton and Prince Albert collecting material. Mr. Wood is at present visiting the Mennonite settlement, when he will go through the Dauphin and Swan River districts.

Mr. E. W. Smith, of Grimsby, Ont., has been in the province for a short time to consult with cold storage companies on the subject of fruit shipments to Manitoba. Mr. Smith is one of the largest fruit growers in Ontario and had charge of the cold storage shipments made to Great Britain last year. He says that there will be a big yield of fruit this season, and as far as apples, there will be such quantities, that if they get ten cents a bag for them they will be lucky.

The Brokenhead Agricultural society has asked for an advance of part of the grant due the society this fall to enable them to purchase grass seed to sow portions of the lands near their dwellings which were burned last season. The department of agriculture has favorably considered the application and the sum of \$150 was advanced with which timothy, bromo and red top clover were bought. The balance of the grant, \$150, will be paid over in the autumn to pay for prizes at the coming exhibition.

Mr. R. J. McKenzie returned the other day from a trip over the Southwestern railway. He states that Mr. Street is between there and the starting point on which two other contractors are at work. On the Swan River extension, Mr. Buchanan has about finished his first contract. The line has been surveyed quite a distance and the engineer is finding no difficulties with his part of the work the line following a gravel ridge fifty feet high and two hundred feet wide. When the railway is started on the Southwestern the company will put down a new section of rails, the angle bar, which will be more securely fastened to the ties.

While the Anglo-Russian outlook is this stormy, the Anglo-French outlook is clearer. A statement reached me from sources which cannot well be misinterpreted that the Paris negotiations respecting West Africa are approaching a conclusion foreboded months ago in these despatches. France is to evacuate Boussa. The navigable river Niger, south of the rapids, remains British. In consideration of France's envying efforts in Dahomey, the town of Niaki is left to her, giving her, therefore, some share in the Lagos hinterland. In the hinterland of the Niger, the British Gold Coast, seeking compensations elsewhere. Whether the surrender of French rights on the west shore of Newfoundland will be one of these compensations is an interesting, though at the present, a doubtful point. France has a sentimental attachment for the North Atlantic, which makes the subject politically perilous for a weak ministry like that of Mellet's.

The military friends of General Sir H. H. Kitchener, say that he has fixed upon September 9th as the date for his entrance into Khartoum.

European Topics Lose Their Interest in the Light of the War.

All old world affairs curiously lose their accustomed proportions in the light of the war news from the Western Hemisphere. Nothing in Europe is as it was a few months ago, yet it would baffle the wisest to analyze the differences. All that can be perceived is the fact that the former scales of standards is profoundly

altered. Events which last year would have convulsed Europe, pass now almost unheeded. Other incidents which would have had hardly more than curious attention, all taken up now, as of most sinister portent. Bismarck's declaration that Morocco was Europe's true powder magazine has often been quoted every week, but now that doomed Spain sizzles further into the quicksands, it makes this saying gleam out more luridly like the writing of fire on the wall, there has ceased to be any other question of first importance in the European Chancelleries, but that respecting Morocco and the Spanish island to the northeast and the southwest of it, though more excited circumstances rather than usual of importance to the Balkans are coming to hand, nobody really cares about them. If Nikita, of Montenegro, were to declare himself in the field to-morrow as the restorer of old Serbia it would hardly take the politicians' mind from what they conceive to be the great imminent issue in the Mediterranean. As for China, though Russia and England maintain the yapping, attitude toward each other, the people are not thinking about it. The statement of the West African dispute, which threatened war a few months ago, has been practically settled and appears in small type. Nothing else really matters as compared with the partition of the Spanish interbunkie, it is agreed by all that there are questions of grave importance in which Morocco, because of its geographical position, figures prominently. It is a hopeless mystification as to the course developments in the European issue are likely to take. Formerly such a crisis would have found England and France prepared to act together to the exclusion of other powers. But now for a variety of causes they occupy hostile positions on the question. As a material power in diplomatic energy and ambition Germany will throw a new and third factor into the problem which used to be absent from the Mediterranean puzzle.

FRIENDSHIP FOR THE U. S.

All Parties Agree on Promoting an Anglo-Saxon Alliance.

The London correspondent of the Evening Post says: "The animated debate in the house of commons recently on the motion for a reduction of the foreign vote, is the most emphatic evidence yet produced of the complete unity of the English Radical Tories on the question of Anglo-American co-operation. Mr. Asquith's most powerful attack on the government's foreign policy in general, especially singled out Mr. Chamberlain's bitterly worded assault on Russia in his 'Those who sup with the devil must have a long spoon' speech. Then, passing to the bait which Mr. Chamberlain held out to Germany, Mr. Asquith added, in words which will live: 'What have we done or suffered that we now have to go tooting for alliances into the highways and byways of Europe?'

"The phrase brought down the house, but so did Mr. Asquith's immediate objection in favor of an Anglo-American alliance and on this one matter every subsequent speaker, whatever his politics, agreed. Indeed, it was the only point in Mr. Chamberlain's speech to awaken Liberal cheers. This unanimity was all the more striking because of the wide differences springing up between the Rusophiles and the Rusophobes, and between the advocates of European military alliance and England's continued isolation.

"At the same time there is a widespread feeling that Mr. Chamberlain is too impulsive even in the matter of Anglo-American co-operation, in too much of a hurry, too insistent, almost humiliating so, on England's needs of American support, it is very difficult to trace in the minds of Englishmen generally any realization of this need. They welcome American co-operation on the broad grounds of mutual interest and racial sentiment, but they will not admit that England is any the less prepared to work her world-wide destiny alone. Here as always Mr. Chamberlain is pushing his bagman in his hurry to finish off his deal and pocket the commission.

"As regards the relations with Russia there is no doubt that Mr. Chamberlain has not got his way in the cabinet, notwithstanding Lord Salisbury's known pro-Russian predilections. The idea that Mr. Chamberlain was by his remarkable anti-Russian speech in Birmingham, trying to force the hand of the cabinet, and especially the Salisbury-Balfour section, is quite disposed of by the statements on the way of that other lion of the Salisbury group, Mr. George N. Curzon, parliamentary secretary for foreign office, who went out of his way to declare that British ships will continue to use treaty ports in China, and further that the sending of Russian troops into the Yangtze valley by railway or otherwise, unless with the assent of China, would be an act of war, in which event the British government would take the requisite steps to protect British interests. A responsible minister could not well use uglier words.

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European Topics Lose Their Interest in the Light of the War.

All old world affairs curiously lose their accustomed proportions in the light of the war news from the Western Hemisphere. Nothing in Europe is as it was a few months ago, yet it would baffle the wisest to analyze the differences. All that can be perceived is the fact that the former scales of standards is profoundly

altered. Events which last year would have convulsed Europe, pass now almost unheeded. Other incidents which would have had hardly more than curious attention, all taken up now, as of most sinister portent. Bismarck's declaration that Morocco was Europe's true powder magazine has often been quoted every week, but now that doomed Spain sizzles further into the quicksands, it makes this saying gleam out more luridly like the writing of fire on the wall, there has ceased to be any other question of first importance in the European Chancelleries, but that respecting Morocco and the Spanish island to the northeast and the southwest of it, though more excited circumstances rather than usual of importance to the Balkans are coming to hand, nobody really cares about them. If Nikita, of Montenegro, were to declare himself in the field to-morrow as the restorer of old Serbia it would hardly take the politicians' mind from what they conceive to be the great imminent issue in the Mediterranean. As for China, though Russia and England maintain the yapping, attitude toward each other, the people are not thinking about it. The statement of the West African dispute, which threatened war a few months ago, has been practically settled and appears in small type. Nothing else really matters as compared with the partition of the Spanish interbunkie, it is agreed by all that there are questions of grave importance in which Morocco, because of its geographical position, figures prominently. It is a hopeless mystification as to the course developments in the European issue are likely to take. Formerly such a crisis would have found England and France prepared to act together to the exclusion of other powers. But now for a variety of causes they occupy hostile positions on the question. As a material power in diplomatic energy and ambition Germany will throw a new and third factor into the problem which used to be absent from the Mediterranean puzzle.

FRIENDSHIP FOR THE U. S.

All Parties Agree on Promoting an Anglo-Saxon Alliance.

The London correspondent of the Evening Post says: "The animated debate in the house of commons recently on the motion for a reduction of the foreign vote, is the most emphatic evidence yet produced of the complete unity of the English Radical Tories on the question of Anglo-American co-operation. Mr. Asquith's most powerful attack on the government's foreign policy in general, especially singled out Mr. Chamberlain's bitterly worded assault on Russia in his 'Those who sup with the devil must have a long spoon' speech. Then, passing to the bait which Mr. Chamberlain held out to Germany, Mr. Asquith added, in words which will live: 'What have we done or suffered that we now have to go tooting for alliances into the highways and byways of Europe?'

"The phrase brought down the house, but so did Mr. Asquith's immediate objection in favor of an Anglo-American alliance and on this one matter every subsequent speaker, whatever his politics, agreed. Indeed, it was the only point in Mr. Chamberlain's speech to awaken Liberal cheers. This unanimity was all the more striking because of the wide differences springing up between the Rusophiles and the Rusophobes, and between the advocates of European military alliance and England's continued isolation.

"At the same time there is a widespread feeling that Mr. Chamberlain is too impulsive even in the matter of Anglo-American co-operation, in too much of a hurry, too insistent, almost humiliating so, on England's needs of American support, it is very difficult to trace in the minds of Englishmen generally any realization of this need. They welcome American co-operation on the broad grounds of mutual interest and racial sentiment, but they will not admit that England is any the less prepared to work her world-wide destiny alone. Here as always Mr. Chamberlain is pushing his bagman in his hurry to finish off his deal and pocket the commission.

"As regards the relations with Russia there is no doubt that Mr. Chamberlain has not got his way in the cabinet, notwithstanding Lord Salisbury's known pro-Russian predilections. The idea that Mr. Chamberlain was by his remarkable anti-Russian speech in Birmingham, trying to force the hand of the cabinet, and especially the Salisbury-Balfour section, is quite disposed of by the statements on the way of that other lion of the Salisbury group, Mr. George N. Curzon, parliamentary secretary for foreign office, who went out of his way to declare that British ships will continue to use treaty ports in China, and further that the sending of Russian troops into the Yangtze valley by railway or otherwise, unless with the assent of China, would be an act of war, in which event the British government would take the requisite steps to protect British interests. A responsible minister could not well use uglier words.

While the Anglo-Russian outlook is this stormy, the Anglo-French outlook is clearer. A statement reached me from sources which cannot well be misinterpreted that the Paris negotiations respecting West Africa are approaching a conclusion foreboded months ago in these despatches. France is to evacuate Boussa. The navigable river Niger, south of the rapids, remains British. In consideration of France's envying efforts in Dahomey, the town of Niaki is left to her, giving her, therefore, some share in the Lagos hinterland. In the hinterland of the Niger, the British Gold Coast, seeking compensations elsewhere. Whether the surrender of French rights on the west shore of Newfoundland will be one of these compensations is an interesting, though at the present, a doubtful point. France has a sentimental attachment for the North Atlantic, which makes the subject politically perilous for a weak ministry like that of Mellet's.

The military friends of General Sir H. H. Kitchener, say that he has fixed upon September 9th as the date for his entrance into Khartoum.

WATER SPOUT IN MEXICO.

MANY MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN DROWNED.

Bill to Pay \$300,000 to Manitoba Is Thrown Out by the Senate—Three

